THE
COMMONWEAL

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LOOKING INTO LIVES

DR. EMIL LUDWIG'S return to his native haunts closes another episode in the contemporary reign of biographical writing. Though nothing but the most unadulterated greatness could satisfy the soul of Dr. Ludwig, his significance lies not so much in the choice of subjects as in the selection of method. The dramatic narrative, which organizes a huge literary landscape round a few thrilling heights, is calculated to awaken the imagination of those whom the steady, gradual, chronological unfolding of any panorama, no matter how fascinating, does not convince. Done in this manner, biography is really independent of its subject. The most uneventful of lives, if properly treated, can yield excellent results. What a masterpiece Henry Adams made of his own introspective career, and what a stir has been caused by recent inquiry into the daily habits of Henry Ward Beecher! Indeed, the present world-wide vogue of biography has accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of rendering the lives of the saints acceptable to wide audiences of readers. It would require half a column to enumerate the "saintly lives" which have recently become best sellers in France; and a simple reference to René Bazin's Père Foucauld suffices to indicate with how great literary skill this kind of writing has been accomplished. The success of Mr. Chesterton's Saint Francis is, of course, a proof that a revival of the once intimate relationships between art and sanctity is not impossible in English.

The art of biography, to be sure, is not new. Plato and Plutarch tried their hands at it with comparative originality and success. Walton and Boswell, Chateaubriand and Brentano, are all safely tucked into the niches of the great. In no other department of literature, however, have modern times achieved such great modifications of technique. Consciousness of psychological complexity, for instance, has made the probers of less modern times look amateurish. Little by little the weaknesses of various devices once considered wholly reliable have been discovered. Paul Bourget analyzed the value of correspondence and arrived at a disparaging conclusion. Scholars like Rudolf Unger revealed the futility of trying to see a man apart from his time, which is like trying to think of a milch cow biting off grass in mid-air. One has only to consider a little the elaborate critique of observation which Marcel Proust drew up as a preface to his novels in order to discern how vast an accumulation of difficulties lies between the psychologist and his subject. In this field the same conceptions of method as those which have been favored by scientists are now gaining control. One expects the biographer to be exact, not

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squeamish, something of a psychiatrist, and an indefatigable historian. And over and above all that one demands the artist.

It is not astonishing in view of such a program that few wholly satisfactory biographies are forthcoming. M. Maurois's Shelley was too dithyrambic and idyllic; Dr. Peck's is too meticulous and pedantic. Lytton Strachey and Shane Leslie are a bit more clever than profound. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford is hamstrung by the limitations of his own methodology. Even such masterly books as Belloc's Marie Antoinette and Barton's Lincoln do not convince as superlatively good fiction does. The reason is probably that the blend of science and art which the new biography strives to perfect is a more or less hybrid product. It is difficult enough to endow the novel with the higher kind of artistic creativeness. What can we expect of an author who must scrupulously respect the facts every step of the way, avoiding the poetic urge to "submit the shadows of things to the desires of the mind"? The Bollandist is a far more trustworthy historian of the saints than were the writers of mediaeval legends or sixteenth-century passionals, but he is considerably less poetic. The Golden Legend is, after all, a delightful book even if it is a fairly unreliable book.

An even more pertinent criticism of the contemporary biographer derives from the fact that no individual can ever properly be separated from his race and environment. In other words, it is only a historian who can properly tell the story of an eminent man. To what extent this truth has already revolutionized various branches of historical study need not be outlined here. Suffice it to say, however, that from this point of view the Bible is one of the supreme masterpieces of biographical writing. The figures of the Old Testament, unforgettable though many of them are, merge into the history of their race. David is accounted for by the chosen people. Saul is a king with a tremendously moving story, but he is always the king of Israel. It may be, therefore, that the Scriptures may sometime come to be a model for the guidance of the biographical writer. Too much individualism leaves the shining character and his significance in a kind of vacuum, from out of which even his own power cannot radiate.

The magnitude of the technical problem thus uncovered by modern analysis of the great and striking is, however, only one aspect of the whole subject conjured up. Are those who read acquiring a just view of human nature as incorporated in history? Is the effect created by the biography in any manner similar to that induced by great art? Longstreet falling at the head of his troops in the Battle of the Wilderness was an accident which, it may be said with some reasonableness, sealed the fate of the confederacy. But if one stresses that fortuitous event too strongly, the slow progress of all that sacrifice and struggle which constituted the Civil War is left unjustly minimized. Similarly, too much insistence upon the "genius" or the "giant" in the whole human story tends to reduce the stature of the vast human crowds who rendered that individual adventure possible. Still more certain is the fact that Providence—"the divine drift of the voyage of mankind"—is suffered to fade from view in an intellectual atmosphere which considers the "great man" the dynamo of all human adventure. Claudel's idea that the whole of life is an intricately coördinated drama in which a part has been assigned to every actor and for which all of us, therefore, are in part responsible, may be poetic in its phrasing but emphasizes freshly and soundly once again the ancient truth of the unity of men—unity which we may call brotherhood, but which is even more essentially union in the spirit of obedience.

We should be sorry, therefore, if the reading of biography came to take the place of the reading of history. It is indubitable nevertheless that for the present, and probably for a long time to come, thinking about the past will be, for the great majority of men, guided by the lustre of brilliant individualistic facets. That being true one regrets the meagreness of Catholic biographical writing. We have, it is true, a number of full-length ecclesiastical portraits—lives of Bishop England, Bishop McQuaid, Cardinal Gibbons. Taken together, however, they illustrate only one aspect of life inside the Church of God, and what is more, they overload the ray of human experience with a veritable cloud of examinations into what may be termed the technique of religion. By comparison Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop, novel though it be, comes very much nearer the ideal of writing about lives spent in the spirit of religion. There are literally scores of biographies which need to be done, or at least done over. No field—history, political and social action, literature, the arts—is without its magnificent possibilities.

The matter is so important precisely because Catholic life is so important. We need for many reasons to keep a faithful and inspiring record of the Faith as expressed in history; and the only way that can be done in terms of the contemporary era is to see it bottled up (as it were) inside the career of an individual. Faith, constantly given and untiringly expressive, is the medium through which God enters into closest contact with the race of men. Every particle of it is, therefore, sacred, beautiful, inspiring. Just as lives spent under the pressure of hopelessness or error give testimony to the might of darkness, so also do the careers of those who drank optimism and laughter from the sources of belief give testimony to the light. To follow some of these careers closely and painstakingly, to invest them finally in the lustre of art, should prove a tempting enterprise to many. Admittedly the methods of the modern biographer are difficult to master, but to such subjects as we have indicated they could be applied with full consciousness that the good to be accomplished would be found fully to repay the effort involved.

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WEEK BY WEEK

CONGRESSIONAL investigation of the coal industry has, and could have had, little effect beyond giving a certain amount of publicity to the human suffering extant. The number of men out of work in the countless little towns which have grown up round the coal pits has varied from a tenth to a half of a million during more than twenty years. Inevitably this accumulated unemployment has created want and dire necessity; and the condition is now so chronic that only exceptionally lurid details, like those reported from the Pittsburgh front, arouse the interest of America. Improvement can be hoped for only through a complete and efficient reorganization of the industry. That is a difficult process—more difficult probably than constructive readjustment of the railroads was. Coördinating mines easy to work with others difficult to work; adjusting freight charges to market conditions; striking the right balance between working hours and demand for the product; equalizing distribution—these are some tasks which invite the most competent engineering talent no less than the best financial intelligence. Both command better salaries than the industry is at present willing—or perhaps, on the whole, able—to pay. Similarly the unions themselves are far from being model organizations. They carry on with altogether too little consciousness of horizons. Instead of visualizing the coal problem as a whole, leaders frequently limit their attention to purely local phenomena or, indeed, even indulge in ugly private warfare. It is folly to expect advancement on the part of the miners under such utterly inexpert guidance.

NO CITIZEN, however, can afford to overlook the very real disease which the coal enterprise has turned out to be. Even though the Pittsburgh situation were an isolated case (which it is not) the index to degradation would be sufficiently startling to demand attention. The sum total of repression which life in the mining towns has meant to more than one generation implies a pit, a chasm, into which millions have fallen to lie far below the average level. If the efforts of the government can be brought to bear upon the matter, everyone will hope for speedy action. Little can be hoped for, it seems, from renewed endeavor to arbitrate disputes. These are, after all, only surface phenomena that develop out of underlying chaos. Nor have the federal authorities much power to interfere with the more legal aspects of the struggle. The employment of police and the use of the injunction are, one is forced to conclude, almost exclusively matters of state control. Some day a new interstate commission may, as a result of general consent, assume the right to act as authoritative counselor to an enterprise grown riotous beyond all reason.

READERS of Bishop Pascual Diaz's courteous and dignified discussion of State vs. Church in Mexico, as published by the North American Review in its April number, will have another reason for hoping that the conscience of America may soon be roused. Of particular interest, we believe, is the discussion of the inscription of priests in the local municipal register, as a condition of their being allowed to continue their ministry. "If this measure," writes Bishop Diaz, "had been designed merely as a census operation, no objection would probably have arisen. Both sides, however, understood it as much more than this. For one thing, it was preliminary to a wholly unjustifiable limitation of the number of clergymen, contingent upon the will of the local authorities. But over and above that was a question of principle, and principle is dear to the Latin mind and much more important to it than mere outward legal forms. The registration measure was undoubtedly intended by the Calles government as a sign and symbol of subjection of the Church to the state in purely spiritual matters, and the acceptance of it as an act of surrender, and still further, of secession from the Catholic Church. Anyone who doubts this may read the debates of the Constitutional Convention on Article 130. The answer of the Church to the declared will of Calles was the closing of the churches, not—be it carefully noted—as a purely political gesture to bring Calles to terms, but as a measure of safety, to avoid action under circumstances that would have created a condition tantamount to secession from Catholic unity. This fact was undoubtedly known to Calles when he took the initiative."

GESTURES have their value, and the ban put by the Treasury upon the $5,000,000 in gold bullion temerariously sent to this country by Red Russia in appro-

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priately colored red boxes will gratify many worthy (and unworldly) persons whose excommunication of the Soviets is an affair of temperament, and who have little idea of the processes of trade and of their persistence in seeping through the stoutest defenses political resentment can erect. Others will find a more exact picture of the situation in the figures issued by the Amtorg Trade Association, or Soviet purchasing agency, covering the volume of Russo-American trade with this country since January 1. Not only does the sum total of the first three months surpass that of a corresponding period in 1927 by $3,000,000, but, upon the authority of the corporation's chairman, Mr. Saul G. Bron, purchases made by his concern in the year 1927 showed, in both sales and purchases, "double the pre-war figures," presumably of Russian trade with the United States generally. The exact logic according to which credits are honored while cash payments are protested may bewilder the lay mind, but we would not advise that any great trouble be expended in tracing the paradox to its legal source. Robespierre, who said smarter things than his biographers give him credit for, once assured the Convention that "mankind will forget a great many things, but never to buy cheap and to sell dear."

ONE has difficulty realizing that beautiful Santa Clara valley has been transformed into a ghastly morgue by the recent flood. The contrast between the sudden accumulation of suffering and the landscape that is so much like paradise stuns the imagination even though it quickens sympathy. For a long time to come, however, the catastrophe will have the effect of arousing controversy about a practical problem of unusual significance. In constructing the ill-omened St. Francis dam, the city of Los Angeles was attempting to safeguard its imperiled water supply. The constant growth of a metropolis bounded on all sides by arid lands necessitated building huge reservoirs in the mountains. Considerable opposition was voiced by groups of farmers and small-town citizens who, like the residents of Santa Clara valley, foresaw possible catastrophe. Just how far a city may go in providing for needs, to precisely what extent it can be held responsible for accidents, must remain a thorny and hotly debated problem. In the present instance the situation is complicated by the presence of "natural factors" peculiar to California. If, as the engineer who presided over the construction of the St. Francis dam believes, the break was caused by an earthquake, there would seem to be no adequate way of establishing a safeguard. Havoc of the kind just witnessed may prove too high a price to pay for water.

ON March 6 the Very Reverend Dom Wilfred Upson, prior of the Benedictine monks of the Abbey of Caldey, South Wales, spoke at the Hotel Plaza, in New York, before the National Converts' League. The reverend lecturer attractively sketched the story of the ancient monastic glories of this little island a mile and a half in length, lying some twenty miles off the coast of Wales, the last point of land toward America. The coming of the small band of young Anglicans was in line with their conviction of the necessity of the monastic system within a church in which they vainly hoped to assert the principles of a vanished Catholicity. He spoke of the refusal of the Archbishop of Canterbury to tolerate their use of Latin in their offices, their worship of the Sacrament, and their special devotions to Our Lady. The story of their corporate acceptance of the authority of the Pope, in 1913, is well known to all who follow the religious developments of the day. Finding that nobody in the community was acquainted with a Catholic priest, they called upon the English scholar, Dom Bede Camm, who had espoused their cause in some point of earlier controversy, and on his immediate response to their invitation, the general submission of the community was declared some ten days later.

TWO very ancient chapels stand on Caldey, founded by Celtic monks prior to the days of Saint Benedict of Subiaco: in the sixth century Saint Illtyd founded his famous school there, where his monks maintained themselves until the devastations of the Danish sea kings drove them from their outland home. In 1114, Benedictines of Saint Bernard of Tiron made another foundation which lasted until 1534, when Henry VIII delivered the island into secular hands. At Caldey today, in addition to the intellectual activities of the monks which include the publication of Pax, a quarterly, and a monthly liturgical magazine, various arts and crafts are practised, such as the making of stained glass windows, bookbinding, handloom weaving and vestment making. The primitive little chapel of Saint David has been made into a votive chapel, enrolling on tablets of stone the names of benefactors who are specially commemorated in the daily Masses of the monks through the affectionate donations of their friends and families. Dom Wilfred Upson's presence in America is a welcome token of the brotherly spirit which binds us together on earth as in heaven. The monks of Caldey, their spirit of prayer and abnegation, their culture and arts, are as grateful here as in any other part of the Christian world.

ALL who realize what Nicola Montani has done and is doing for the purifying and ennobling of liturgical music in America will join their gratitude to that of the native composer who has to thank Pope Pius XI for the decoration of the Count's Cross and the title of Knight Commander of the Order of Saint Sylvester—an honor specially reserved for laymen who have achieved distinction in art or science. The work that this native New Yorker has accomplished in the cause of the reform of sacred music is little short of stupendous. As director of the Palestrina choir of Philadelphia and former conductor of one of the most

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famous choirs in New York, as composer of Masses which are being sung in many of the cathedrals of Europe to demonstrate what good things can come out of America, as editor of a quarterly magazine devoted to the elevation of church music, as compiler of one of the best of popular hymnals and as a founder and energetic member of the Society of Saint Gregory of America which is spreading his ideals among organists and choirmasters, Mr. Montani most certainly has earned the honor that has come to him. Lately he has carried his labors into some of the larger teaching convents and colleges as vocal director, finding a fruitful field for the spread of the work to which he has given his life.

WE ARE informed that the "inspirational feature" of the coming convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation is to be "a presentation of the continuity of higher Catholic education, stressing its contributions to the culture and ideals of the western world." It is hoped thus to arouse among university men an appreciation of a long and radiant educational tradition, which they themselves carry on through modern circumstance. One of the sessions is to discuss the contemporary significance of the Catholic higher school. The Sunday morning sermon will outline the spiritual contour of the work that has been, is being and is to be done. The closing banquet, we are informed, is to offer an ensemble—through the medium of decorations, dramatization, addresses and a motion picture scenario—designed to leave upon all a lasting impression. It is to be hoped that many will avail themselves of the opportunity to be present, and that the enthusiasm enkindled among these will radiate far.

THOSE of the older theatre-goers who hold in grateful memory the name of William H. Crane, who died recently, full of years and honors, will always think of him as the typical American actor. There was something of the kindly shrewdness of David Harum, something of the straightforwardness of his senator, and all of the wholesomeness of both characters, in the actor himself. He was a grand example of the comedian able always to pack his houses without having to resort to the appeal of impropriety or to impinge on bad taste. He was very proud of the Americanism he reflected behind the footlights and nearly every play presented by him was by an American author. In the sixty years that he gave himself to the public, before retiring to take a period of well-earned rest, he won the esteem of his fellow-professionals and the affection of the audiences whom he never failed to entertain. Those who knew him intimately realized that under his never-failing good humor was a strain of seriousness which caused him to give earnest thought to his parts on the stage and his part in life. He knew his limitations, but he knew also certain standards that must be neither shirked nor compromised. His years of retirement were spent, with quiet dignity, in the preparation of his memoirs, recently published, in which the unassuming but steadfast character of the actor unspoiled by adulation was made manifest.

ANNOUNCEMENT that the Catholic Association for International Peace will hold its second meeting in Washington on April 10, when a report will be presented and fresh discussion opened, suggests a brief summary of the accidents that have interrupted international harmony since the first meeting of the Association a year ago, and of the phases through which the peace ideal has passed in the interim. On the whole, progress has been registered. War clouds that were hanging over the Balkans at the moment the Catholic delegates got together dispersed soon after, and though the dispersal was accomplished at the cost (as was natural) of some surrender of dignity by the weaker country, the League of Nations can legitimately claim that its influence counted for something in the peaceful solution. The chaos in unhappy China reached one of its recurrent acute phases and the world at large was treated to a display of force majeure quite worthy of pre-war days. But the expedition to Shanghai turned out a limited affair, and was attended with so much apology and assurance of non-territorial ambitions that it may be held to show a new distaste for imperial adventure on the part of more than one country. Marine and bombing airplanes are busy in Nicaragua, a desert war on what may prove to be a big scale impends in Arabia the unblessed, and it would be too much to hope that the echoes of Morocco are undisturbed by the rattle of machine-guns behind the screen of distance and public indifference. The gates of the Temple of Janus are not closed. But we may strain a point and consider them as merely ajar.

ALTHOUGH the Religious Education Association has not yet elicited the interest of Catholics to the extent hoped for by its sponsors, we cannot refrain from directing further attention to this interesting movement. The mere wording of the topic discussed at the Association's recent convention in Philadelphia—Religion in an Age of Science—suggests ever so much that is important to Catholic educators and their public. What is the right technique of religious education in our day? Just in what way ought the various disciplines of natural science to modify the conception of individual life and duty? These and a dozen similar queries are ringing up and down all the avenues of contemporary civilization. We cannot be, and we are not, indifferent to them. Catholics fend with them with noteworthy success, but are often forced to realize that the antagonism of environment undermines a great deal of effort sacrificially made. It is upon this environment that the Religious Education Association is striving to make an impression, in the hope of rendering a great cultural service to the United States. We understand that Catholic participation is earnestly invited, on the ground that the organization is patriotic in character.

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A TASTE FOR PEACE

PLAIN speech (which generally means disagreeable speech) between England and her big English-speaking sister across the Atlantic does not today arouse the antagonism it did within the recollection of middle-aged men. What would once have constituted an "incident" has been relegated to the proportions of a family jar. Anyone who cares to may examine the causes for the more tolerant attitude in the United States. One that will naturally occur is the amazing growth in world influence of the western republic. The very strong can afford a sweeter temper than those whose strength is in question, and, as Maeterlinck once chose to put it, "exhale peace like a flower."

Another reason, somewhat more obscure, but whose truth, we think, will appear on examination, is a certain re-orientation of Britain due to a war in which her traditional alliances were reversed. England is far less insular and more "European" today than was the case before her base hospitals and concentration camps dotted the northwestern departments of the French republic. By commitments and "understandings" from which America chooses to hold aloof, she has been drawn into the continental orbit to an extent that would have been very disquieting to the older or even the younger Pitt. Her voice, when it speaks sharply across the Atlantic upon international matters, is now not so much the voice of the old enemy of 1775 or 1812, or the dubious friend of 1861, as the voice of a Europe that is by turns puzzled or angry at what it considers a complacent and unsympathetic attitude toward its problems on the part of a large, secure and prosperous people. By dispersing the responsibility for its occasional distasteful utterances, Britain attenuates the blame once attached to them.

No very great resentment, therefore, is likely to be aroused by Viscount Cecil when, in the issue of Foreign Relations that will be current when this article appears, he assumes or rather admits that America is "unpopular" in Europe, and proceeds to explain the reasons for this unfortunate attitude in the suave language of a candid friend. Many of the reasons he enumerates are familiar and have been expressed, it is safe to assume, in blunter and less diplomatic phraseology, on many occasions when Americans and American allies in Europe opened their hearts to one another. America entered the war late, and after abundant fruit had been extracted from her neutrality. American intervention, in turning the final trick, cast a vague slur upon the efforts of other countries which after sacrificing men and treasure for three years, had brought the war to what looked, from the outside, anyhow, very like a stalemate. There is just a chance (we dare to call it no more) that the struggle could have been brought to a successful termination without armed help from over the Atlantic. Human nature being what it is, it is unlikely that the thought of how vastly different things might be today had this happened does not occur to our old allies when the force of circumstances compels them to listen to homilies upon good behavior in the future. All the more so because the implication is that behavior has been none too good in the past. Courteous and reasoned as Lord Cecil's article appears from such portions of it as have been quoted in the daily press, it is impossible not to see a hint of this exasperation in his warning that "if American traditions, geographical position and mentality compel her to confine herself to concerting declarations instead of coöperating in the establishment and, if need be, in the defense of a world system, in which war shall be quite absent, then the rest of the world must go that road as best it can without her."

Nothing less fortunate, we believe, could happen to the world than that Europe should "go its road" without the coöperation, the advice and the moral support that this country is in a position to lend. But if the miserable misunderstandings that keep cropping up are to disappear, and if the whole discussion is not to sink to the level of meaner minds who see ulterior motives in every pronouncement upon peace, light rather than heat is the specific indicated. Europe for one thing should understand that America's hatred of war is no new sentiment, coined to suit the exigencies of a new situation, but a very old-standing—a very "respectable"—affair. It was in the teeth of the very strongest feeling in House and Senate against a standing army that the few battalions and batteries came into being which made the shadow of a regular army after the Revolution, and which were promptly set to the hard and inglorious task of frontier settlement. The same inveterate dislike of military force which imperiled America's northern frontier in 1812 found the federal government, fifty years later, without any weapon in its hand other than voluntary enthusiasm to resist secession. Every war this country has had to undertake, from the Mexican to the world war, has revealed an unpreparedness which, if it drives the military-minded among us to blasphemy, is at least fair proof of sincerity in intention. The advice to Europe to try and get on without armies comes from a country that has persistently tried out the experiment, and would like, we fancy, to be in a position to try it out again.

Only fresh misunderstanding and defeat, however, will wait upon those American lovers of peace who look to find the same spirit in Europe. In the older nations an armed force is not only a safeguard against aggression but a symbol of national independence. Its existence is bound up with all sorts of obscure traditions, not less noble because obscure, for the lack of some of which civilization might even find itself the poorer. Perhaps it is even to small countries, which exist upon the sufferance of mightier neighbors, that an army, of one sort or another, means most. It is not preaching militarism to see that, in approaching a system so old and complicated by so many factors, infinite tact and sympathy are called for.

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What needs to be attacked first, it seems to us, is the principle of force rather than its outward manifestations. Ethically, it hardly touches the question whether force be sought, as Europe seems inclined to seek it, in a grouping of several powers with a common interest, or in the dictum of one or another power, able at need to enforce its ideals against the group. For a bigger nation to impose its will upon a smaller by the argument that "if I choose to I can sooner or later make you," will be no less war when not a single uniformed battalion treads the soil and not a single gunboat furrows the waters of the aggressor.

MR. KELLOGG ADVANCES

IN ADDRESSING the Council of Foreign Relations in New York City on the evening of March 15, Secretary Kellogg outlined his effort to promote peace through treaty agreements in a manner which leaves no doubt as to the earnestness of his own convictions and the sincerity of his government. The personal enthusiasm of the Secretary seems to us a really notable phenomenon. A man who was cautious, conservative and inclined to follow leisurely public opinion in 1925 is now undoubtedly a leader in the work to rid the world of war. How important this change is will be admitted by anyone who notices the extent to which the United States has been engaged in armed conflict, despite the indifference of its citizens to military caste and the natural isolation of its position. The era through which this nation has lived and grown great has been an era of unparalleled strife—a time of "citizen armies," revolutions on a grand scale, world wars.

More and more aware of the catastrophic situation, nations have paid constantly increasing attention to possible deterrent methods. Some of these have been little more than campaigns to arouse public opinion. Others have been concerned, in a practical way, with the development of arbitration. Out of them has come the conception of world tribunals, empowered to settle disputes in conformity with an international code. Still others have gone farther, realizing that the scope of arbitration is necessarily limited and that "conciliation" can sometimes adjust differences of a political character. Everyone agrees that the existing League of Nations and World Court are institutions through which Europe (and, less directly, other nations) are striving to effect arbitration and conciliation. For various reasons the United States has not seen fit to accept either the League or the Court. The soundest of these is undoubtedly the one alluded to by Secretary Kellogg in declaring that "the United States cannot obligate itself in advance to use its armed forces against any other nation in the world." The citizens of this country balk today, as they did yesterday, at the "military mandate" written into the League covenant as a barrier against conflict.

There remains the possibility of promoting arbitration and conciliation through treaties. Mr. Kellogg outlines what has been accomplished by the government in this respect, showing how the earlier arbitration treaties were followed in 1911 by the Knox treaty which, despite certain objections raised by the Senate, provided for conciliation. Later on Mr. Bryan engineered eighteen international agreements providing for the submission of disputes that fail of settlement through ordinary diplomatic channels to a Permanent International Commission. These, together with the similar treaties adopted after Mr. Bryan's time, contained no compulsory clause but had the obvious merit of rendering peaceful settlement of difficulties possible under circumstances which neither arbitration nor diplomacy could affect. After 1923, however, the whole enterprise came to a halt and was not revived until M. Briand's suggestion and the calling of the Havana Conference suddenly gave it a new lease of life.

What is the explanation for this lapse of interest? One may suggest that during these years public opinion was so busy considering the virtues and vices of Geneva, particularly in so far as the World Court was concerned, that the older and more typically American method of treaty-making was lost sight of. M. Briand did not in all likelihood intend to render Washington statesmen conscious of their tradition, but his proposal of a Franco-American treaty outlawing all wars had the effect of revealing how simple a step there lay beyond what had been achieved so far. Arbitration agreements can provide for a peaceful adjustment of judicable disputes. Conciliation treaties make it possible to interpose calm discussion between irritation and military action. Why not make a third advance and declare that the signatory powers to a new form of agreement declare "all wars" out of the question? Mr. Kellogg therefore suggested to the French minister that instead of the proposed bilateral treaty, "an equivalent multilateral treaty be concluded among the principal powers of the world, open to adherence by any and all nations, thus extending throughout the world the benefits of the covenant."

It is a big move precisely because it is a move toward the absolute. Such a treaty, if it could collect a quantity of signatures, would come near to rendering war a theoretic zero. Nobody expects that much of it, and indeed the extent to which it will pan out remains entirely a matter of conjecture. European statesmen are doubtless averse to the idea for a number of reasons, primary among which is the implicit negation of the League idea. The old world needs and wants the United States at its quasi-executive round table; Mr. Kellogg's treaties are more than a slight indication that this need and desire exist in vacuo. On such a topic there can be erected a veritable mountain of discussion. Meanwhile it suffices to observe, with unconcealed satisfaction, that Mr. Kellogg has earned the right to be termed a leader of his people—one who has found for them not new ways but a method of advancing on a road paved by experience.

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CONVULSIONS IN CATHAY

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

THERE has been civil war more or less continuously in China for almost seventeen years. Ever since the expulsion of the Manchu imperial dynasty in the autumn of 1911 under the leadership of the late Sun Yat Sen, the country has been in convulsions. While there seems to be no end to the discussion of the situation in China, it may be well to cast up accounts and secure some idea of what has been accomplished by the revolution and whither China is drifting. On the surface of things the prospects of Chinese unity and stability in government appear to be no more favorable than they were immediately after the anti-Manchu revolution—indeed in some respects they appear to be less favorable. Such a view of the situation, however, is superficial. During the quarter of a century since the immediate reaction from the Boxer troubles, China has passed through some important changes which really mark a steady development, an evolution in its entire national structure. It is an evolution which not only affects its government but in much greater degree its economic life, its family and social life, its religious and philosophical life and the innermost depths of its civilization. Whereas in Europe such changes have come one at a time, slowly, often spread over several hundred years, they are coming in China all at once in an overwhelming, staggering mass. The events in Chinese history in the past fifteen or twenty years may seem to be without order or sequence but in fact they are the ordered steps in this national evolution.

There are several well-defined divisions in Chinese national life, in the nation's racial stock, in various ways of looking at things, and of course in its politics. The first division which naturally occurs to an observer is that between north China, with its larger admixture of Mongolian and Tartar stock and north Asian traditions and ideas, and central and south China, whose people represent more closely the indigenous races. Historically the two divisions have the relations of a conquering and a conquered people. Back of this general geographical division is the deep-seated division in ideas as to politics, government and national life generally. Central and southern China have always been more democratic in their general ideas of government; the north has been more or less openly autocratic—partly as a result of the closer domination of the north by the series of Mongol and Tartar conquerors and a greater prevalence of militaristic spirit inherited with their Mongol and Tartar blood, and partly as an effect of different living conditions. The central and southern portions of the country also—particularly the south—have had more direct contact with foreign nations in trade and this has had a liberalizing influence. Be that as it may, this general difference between the democratic and the autocratic military elements has existed for many generations and explains much of the present situation. In a general way the northern military dictators represent the old autocratic idea of government, the dominance of the country by military force. In a similar way the southern leaders represent the liberal idea in government, the dominance of civil authority based upon the consent of the governed. The line cannot be drawn very closely in either case but in a general way, such is the situation.

The revolution against the Manchus in the latter part of 1911 broke out in the Yangtze valley and in southern China as the result of the work of a revolutionary organization established and controlled by Sun Yat Sen. When Dr. Sun took personal charge of the organization in China on his return from Europe in the fall of 1911, he was chosen President of the new provisional government organized by the revolutionary authorities at Nanking, an ancient capital of the flowery kingdom. Peking and the northern provinces at that time were held by Yuan Shi Kai, viceroy of an infant emperor and for the moment practically dictator of the government at Peking. In the belief that he could thereby avoid civil war on an immense scale, Dr. Sun came to an agreement with Yuan whereby the latter became President of a new provisional government for the whole country, based upon a republican form with provisions for a parliament and popular representation of a sort. This new government was duly organized under a provisional constitution and a parliament was called. The parliament proposed a government wherein parliament should govern; Yuan Shi Kai proposed a government wherein the executive would control. Agreement was impossible and after many months of wrangling the southern or liberal members of this parliament were forced out and some time later reconvened in Canton, as the legitimate parliament or government authority in China.

Yuan attempted, or at least pretended to attempt, the formation of other parliamentary and constitutional governments but finally threw aside all pretense of favoring a liberal form of government and later attempted to have himself crowned as emperor. He failed in this attempt and died in 1916. He was succeeded in the government at Peking by the so-called Vice-President, General Li Yuan Hung. General Li attempted to restore the liberal form of government and recalled the Yuan parliament but almost at once was forced to resign by the military oligarchy who really succeeded Yuan Shi Kai, including particularly Tuan Chi Jui, Feng Kuo Chang, Tso Kun and Chang Tso Lin. A series of so-called Presidents followed, chosen by this oligarchy usually through the action of

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the so-called parliament, but the real government of the north consisted of administrative cabinets chosen by these military leaders. Thus the government continued until 1926 when the election or appointment of a so-called President was simply dispensed with and the administration became frankly what it really had been before—that of an administrative cabinet composed of tools of the various northern military leaders.

In the meanwhile the parliamentarians in the south insisted upon their legitimacy and organized a new government on so-called republican lines with Dr. Sun Yat Sen as President. In 1917 Dr. Sun proclaimed his government as independent of the government at Peking and the legitimate government of China. In 1921 a new constitution was proclaimed at Canton in which parliamentary government was done away with, probably not to be revived in China for many years, and government by a National Government Council under which various ministries function was instituted. This is the general form of government now operated by the successors of the Sun government, known as nationalists.

In the meanwhile with many ups and downs and varying fortunes of war with the factions within his own party, Dr. Sun was in and out of control of the government at Canton which, on the whole, had more or less complete control of the provinces in the immediate vicinity of Canton. He asked foreign recognition which was never accorded him. He asked help from foreign powers, he asked loans and advisers, he made every effort possible to establish a government upon approved principles. His efforts were in vain and it remains a question whether foreign recognition of the Sun government at that time would not have prevented much of the chaos which has existed in China since then.

At all events in 1923 the Russian factor was introduced. The Soviets, after having flirted with the northern military leaders for several years with slight success, seized upon the opportunity to introduce their communistic régime in China, afforded by the exigencies of the southern government, and gave their aid in money and advisers. In the course of a year or so the government at Canton became frankly communistic in organization, although the conservative elements always intended to throw off communism when Russian aid was no longer needful—and whatever may be said against the course of the Soviets in China, it must be admitted that the Russian advisers under Michael Borodin, and Russian help, brought a large measure of order out of chaos and established a workable government for the time being. Dr. Sun attempted to extend his government over the rest of China by negotiation and died in Peking in 1925, while attempting to come to an agreement with the northern leaders.

Negotiations for a union with the north failed, but as a result of the measure of effective government in Kwangtung and Kwangsi and neighboring provinces dominated by the government at Canton, the latter was able to organize, arm and equip and adequately lead an army north to accomplish by conquest what it had failed to accomplish by negotiations. At that time central and northern China were in the control of the various military successors of the Yuan Shi Kai régime who, after fighting among themselves over the control of the government at Peking and the several northern provinces, had reached a somewhat stable balance of power. The contest for control had left as political survivors, Chang Tso Lin, former bandit leader, who was, and still is, in more or less undisputed control of Manchuria; Feng Yu Hsiang, so-called "Christian general," who at that time was in control of the Peking area and was regarded as somewhat favorably disposed toward the south; Wu Pei Fu, a soldier of the old gentry class who had forged to the top in his part of the country and was in more or less control of the upper Yangtze; and Sun Chuan Fang, a vigorous and able soldier who was supposed to be allied with Chang Tso Lin and who was in control of the lower Yangtze valley including Shanghai. Later Chang and Wu combined and drove Feng out of Peking but were unable to agree upon a new government, and Peking remained in Chang's control while Feng's army was driven to the northwest and scattered for a time.

It was upon this mixed military situation that the armies from the south under a young military leader named Chiang Kai Shek struck with extraordinary vigor. Up the valleys between the mountains which form the backbone of south central China marched the cohorts of the Kuominchun, the National People's Army, representative of the old Sun political and revolutionary organization known as the Kuomintang. Over mountain passes impassable save by pedestrians the nationalist army streamed. Artillery was dismounted and carried by the ubiquitous coolies; commissariat, munitions, equipment of every sort, were borne by more coolies. The lowly sampan and river junk were employed when water transport became possible.

Chiang struck Hankow first and captured it and with it most of the upper Yangtze valley. The nationalist government was moved from Canton to Hankow, functioning as a national government, nominally for all China.

While in principle the government was that of the Kuomintang party operating through a national government council and subordinate ministries, it was practically that of the communist element of the party dominated by Russia through Michael Borodin and his subordinates. Its foreign policy, as at Canton, was dominated by Eugene Chen, a West-Indian-born Chinese with an Oxford education, who was keen, able and irritating in his dealings with foreigners. During this period at Canton and at Hankow, those first direct assaults upon the treaty rights of foreigners were made, particularly in tax matters and in the control of foreign concessions in the treaty ports, which have

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practically done away with some of the principal provisions of the "unequal treaties" between China and the foreign powers.

The military campaign under Chiang Kai Shek was continued down the Yangtze, Sun Chuan Fang was driven from Shanghai and Nanking, and in the capture of the latter those outrages upon foreigners occurred which aroused the world and led to the pouring of British troops and British, American and other marines, into Shanghai for the protection of foreign rights and interests. But in these successes came the real test of Kuomintang or nationalist strength, the ability to hold in check those subversive elements in the organization represented by communist dominance. No one who has known China well, has ever had any idea that communism would secure a hold upon the country. It was well understood that sooner or later, when once the Soviets had been used to the utmost and the communistic lemon had been squeezed dry, the revolution would toss it aside. But when the test came, this was not so easily accomplished. The Kuomintang organization was split and for a time there was more or less open conflict between the conservative wing under Chiang Kai Shek at Nanking, and the communist wing under the domination of Borodin, acting through several subordinate leaders at Hankow.

In the meanwhile Feng Yu Hsiang, after having been driven out of Peking by Chang Tso Lin, had reorganized his forces and appeared in western China in coöperation with the nationalists. Chiang and Feng, between them, forced the communist members out of the Kuomintang, the Soviets called Borodin and some of his Chinese followers including Eugene Chen and the widow of Dr. Sun Yat Sen to Russia, radical and communist agitators and organizers were crushed with a terrible hand, and the Kuomintang was purged of the Russian heresy. The seat of the government was moved from Hankow to Nanking. Chiang Kai Shek started a campaign against Peking but was defeated and resigned. The Kuomintang leaders continued a committee form of government at Nanking while attempting to gather the various factions of the party into a harmonious organization. Finally Chiang was recalled and given command of the nationalist armies anew, and as this is written, the Kuomintang Central Committee is in plenary session at Nanking endeavoring to form a government which will represent all the conservative factions of the party and thus enable it to consolidate its position in control of southern China and the Yangtze valley; while Chiang Kai Shek is preparing a new expedition against Peking, which will cooperate with Feng Yu Hsiang whose army is pressing upon Peking from the southwest. In this movement they expect the help of Yen Shi Shan, who has been the military dictator of Shensi province ever since the days of Yuan Shi Kai.

Meanwhile Chang Tso Lin, in control of Manchuria and the provinces round about Peking, is preparing to defend his holdings from the nationalist expedition from the south. The issue is drawn between northern military dictators as representing the autocratic principle in government—in this case frankly themselves—and the liberal, civil government ideas of the nationalists, albeit the nationalist organization, also at the present time, is more or less in the control of Chiang Kai Shek as a military dictator. There is this much to be said for Chiang and the Kuomintang, however: that is, that the ideal they offer is that of a civil government to which all military authority shall be subordinate, while the northern military dictators no longer make any pretense of anything of the sort.

What has been accomplished in these seventeen years of war and agitation? On the debit side, the country has been ravaged by contending armies until tens of millions of people are desperate from accumulated wrongs; there is grinding taxation and plain extortion everywhere to support the armies of the various leaders or governments; the public debt of the country, acknowledged or of a sort ultimately to be acknowledged, exceeds a billion and a quarter American dollars; millions of people are starving in the war-ravaged districts as a direct result of the war or the demoralization of transport and supply due to the war; the Peking government and at least a third of the country are in the control of military dictators more absolute and more irresponsible than any heretofore; banditry, piracy, the sacking and burning of towns and villages—the terrible picture might be drawn out indefinitely. And in it all the most important debit charge is that the revolution has undermined the solidarity of the family and village life, and in short all those traditions and ties which have held Chinese civilization together for thousands of years.

On the other hand, the single constructive political force in China at the present time, the Kuomintang or nationalist party, has secured more or less effective control of about two-thirds of the country; it has finally purged itself of communism; it offers some promise of comparatively early restoration of civil authority in government and there is strong probability that, by spring, it will have secured a fair measure of control of most of the northern provinces, with some prospect of at least temporary union, and the reform of many abuses such union will make possible. By process of trial and elimination, the country has learned that it is not yet ready for parliamentary government, although it has yet to learn what form of government is most practicable.

Indeed it would seem that herein lies the worst feature of the situation with respect to the nationalists and their increasing power, for their program is still incohate, still founded upon the uncertain and indefinite tenets of the writings and will of the late Sun Yat Sen. His ideas of government were, after all, disconcertingly vague. Yet on the whole there has been progress, and political and social progress in a country with a population of over four hundred million people is, of necessity, slow. The process of evolution is going on.

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STANDARDS AND UNDERSTANDING

By HARVEY WICKHAM

IT IS becoming almost impossible to pick up a newspaper or a magazine without coming upon the expression "our American standard of living," with the implication that this "standard" is not only something different but something higher than anything which the world has ever seen before. One gathers that a man who owns a bathtub is of necessity conforming to a higher standard than the man who does not—and in this instance there may be something in the idea. Cleanliness is notoriously next to godliness, and we Americans are justly proud of impeccability in this regard.

But when the argument continues by assuming that the woman in silk stockings is living better than the woman in woolen; that the Italian who spends a small sum, legally, for good wine is worse off than the Nordic who spends a large sum for bad, illegal whiskey, I for one begin to question, and to look about for a standard by which to measure the standard. Are men to be judged, or to judge themselves, according to the money and effort it costs them to live?

The notion is certainly gaining ground, not in America only but throughout the world. To speak of Mr. Mencken—of whom, apparently, one must speak almost as inevitably as of our standards of living themselves—his great fallacy is in supposing that his Americana, otherwise the absurdities of his neighbors, are at all peculiar to the United States. Our Mercury has not traveled enough or he would know that cant and brag and vainglorious hypocrisy with an accent placed upon crudely material welfare—a kind of welfare for which Mr. Mencken himself shows a sort of weakness—are no more limited to us than are measles and whooping-cough. In London, Rome, Paris or Vienna a family is as much set up by the possession of a new rug as they would be if they lived in New York, San Francisco or Chicago.

Justly so, in a way—let us hasten to admit that. A new rug is a fine thing, especially if it be a fine rug, handmade and vegetable dyed—which is seldom the case. Nor is the ambition to keep up with the Joneses, within certain limits, altogether despicable. Nevertheless it is just possible that Jones has paid too much for his rug, fine or not, paid in coin or supercoin more than he could afford without denying himself that which is yet more worth while. And if so we are fools to play any longer the keeping-up game. But we cannot tell when we should leave him to go his way, choosing for ourselves a more rugged, though less ruggy path, unless we have some criterion, some code before which these things may be brought to judgment.

Now Leo XIII, in his classical encyclical, Rerum Novarum, offered the world just such a criterion as long ago as May 15, 1891, in strict conformity with one of much more ancient date and of yet more august authority. "A state chiefly prospers and flourishes," he said, "by everything which makes the citizen better and happier."

It seemed like a platitude, and at the same time it seemed like a foolish dream, dreamed by a kind old man imprisoned in a Vatican from which his views of progress were necessarily limited and unsympathetic. Did he not, in this same encyclical, say something in favor of "the artificer's guilds of a former day"? Most emphatically he did. So the world in general decided that these platitudes were really more foolish than platitudinous, and plunged headlong into the era of quantity production.

The trouble was, and is, that—apart from all religious considerations whatsoever—"the laboring man's Pope" lived about five hundred years before his time, and spoke with a wisdom which only our grandchildren and our grandchildren's grandchildren will even begin to understand. If a state chiefly prospers and flourishes by everything which makes the citizen better and happier (in which list he includes morality, a well-regulated family life, respect for religion and justice, the moderation and equal distribution of public burdens, the abundant yield of the land and the progress of the arts and of trade) our vaunted standard of living is obviously in need of some revision. Do rugs and silk stockings, bathtubs and automobiles make us happier and better? That is the question. We are inclined to take an affirmative answer for granted just now. We are very naïve. But the day is certain to come when we shall take a more grown-up view of the matter.

Just at the moment we are upon the point of taking a new plunge into quantity production. We have discovered a new material thing. Our factories stand ready to turn this thing out by the thousand, and we have men ready to build yet other factories capable of turning them out by the million. Nothing is lacking, neither capital, enterprise nor inventive skill, save the willingness of the public to accept the new thing as one of the necessities of a properly standardized existence. For this new thing is the airplane, and the powers of publicity and education have not yet done their work. We remain a little timid. We hesitate to risk our old bones in the sky, and are for the most part content to plod along at a mere sixty or seventy miles an hour over a road on a level with the surrounding landscape.

It is a mere temporary hesitancy, however, and if we do not take fire from the exploits of our Lindys and our Rogerses, there are plenty of younger bones already eager to hop off the moment our waning paternal and maternal restraint is finally removed. Has any

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large body of our citizenry taken advantage of this pause to consider whether wholesale flying gives any promise of making us either happier or better? The question is ridiculous.

So what we have to look forward to is a most literal lift in our standard of living, one which will put us if not actually above the clouds at least within easy reach of their thunderbolts; one which will abolish the last trace of calm, of privacy, from the whole round world. At present if we are rich enough, we can at least go and build a house along some rough and unfrequented road, and so escape in our leisure hours from the smell of gasoline and certain yet more toxic compounds composed largely of lead. But the airplane, though it may need fixed landing fields, is, aloft, as free as the air which supports it. Already there are places where the drone of the propeller is seldom still. Within ten years there will not be a farmhouse, a hut, an Arab's tent, not likely to be invaded any instant by a crash from on high. Are we going to like this?

"If you don't like it, you can jolly well get out," says the spirit of the times. "Get off the earth if there is no place on it which suits you. Evolution will see to it. You are unsocial. The law of the universe is the survival of the toughest."

Chesterton, in one of his recent books, optimistically maintains that mankind, if it chooses, can abolish the age of machinery altogether. So it can—if it chooses. But is it going to be allowed to choose? I think not. Organization is all on the side of the machine, and were 90 percent of the race already anxious to go back to the thirteenth century (which I am far from thinking is the case) such a majority would be helpless. It would not be allowed to so much as count its own noses and so become aware of its numerical strength. Why, we of the United States have not yet been allowed to count up those of us who are in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and those who are opposed.

The manufacture of airplanes will offer to a group of individuals the hope of profit. It will, through them, give occupation to a lot of men. There is nothing more to be said. The people must be induced to fly, in order that this capital and this labor may be occupied.

This is a much newer idea than that which supposes that our present standard of living is the highest the world ever saw. All times, all nations, are naturally inclined to pat themselves on the back. But the notion that we must encumber ourselves with material things whether we want to or not, and merely that the makers of these things may wax fat, is indeed something of a novelty.

I am not saying that it is bad economics. But I do wonder if we were put here for the sake of economics instead of economics being a study presumably for the benefit of ourselves.

But the new notion has arrived. It is the gist of that remarkable series of articles by Garet Garrett, entitled The American Book of Wonder, just coming to an end in the Saturday Evening Post. It is the foundation of the books by Foster and Catchings, published by the Pollak Foundation, and of many other works of a similar nature. We seem to have entered upon a circle—vicious or not as we choose to look at it—along which we must continue to run at an ever-increasing speed under threat of a general collapse of the industrial machine. And yet they tell us that machinery, far from threatening to master us, has done nothing but to set us free. We are regaled every day with tales setting forth the number of "slaves" in the form of robots whose services we already enjoy. Things will become cheaper and cheaper, they say.

But when is the cheapening process to begin? I do not refer to the quality of the product, which is often cheap enough, but to the ease of acquiring things which it is generally admitted that we must have. At present a man exceptionally endowed may, if he is fortunate enough, achieve along toward middle age the sort of life which his forefather pioneers had forcibly thrust upon them. He may go and buy a farm in some out-of-the-way place and—in the intervals left from the work of taking care of his fortune—amuse himself with spade and pruning hook—unless he be so totally lost to the joys of other days as to content himself with becoming a "gentleman" farmer who merely hires spades and pruning-hooks to be wielded in his behalf.

And since the multiplicity of horse-power now at everyone's disposal makes, as we are so often told, American labor cheaper than any other labor on earth, how comes it that in the next paragraph we are told with even greater regularity that we must limit yet more the influx of immigration lest we have to "lower our standards" in order to compete with the cheaper but machineless labor of Europe?

I fancy that the problems of labor, of economics, will—like a host of other problems—remain without even a tolerable solution so long as they continue to occupy such a large arc of our horizon. Certain religious communities (not all of them Catholic) have managed to make money without abandoning their quite non-mercenary ideals. One wonders if the possession of these other ideals did not have something to do with the success which attended the blending of the herbs or the distilling of the liquors which brought in the material wealth. A man, for instance, who is trying to serve God may find less difficulty in avoiding murder than does the man who strives merely to avoid committing murder as an end in itself. If we are going a long distance, we do not mind the first mile or two.

The time was when the possession of material things was not considered an evidence of high and fine living. Right here in the United States many can remember when a certain superiority was granted to a life ruled by simplicity. It used to be held that too much thought devoted to furniture was a bit vulgar in the bad sense of the word. Display for the sake of supporting those who manufacture the articles with which displays can

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be made, was not always considered in good taste. What has happened to us?

A very simple thing, I believe—simple also in the bad sense of the word. It is the same thing which has happened to Europe, but it has happened to us in greater degree because we had a comparatively free field to operate in. Europe was, and still is, encumbered by institutions and by architecture calculated to resist change to a certain extent, even if that change be in the direction of bigger and bigger factories. In America there was nothing but the prairies and the forest and the Indians—comparatively easy to sweep away. We learned early the lesson that machinery not only can be built, but can be scrapped to make room for yet other machines. In fine, that time is money.

So we are certainly growing richer in the things which time permits us to make and money to buy. And soon the only reason why the average citizen will not have enough impedimenta to lug through life's journey will be this same standard of living, decreeing an ever-increasing minimum of baggage to those who would be considered respectable.

Respectable! Here we have arrived, while pursuing our subject along a route as materialistic as possible, at something which is of the spirit. For in the end all that our riches can buy us is the respect of our neighbors. Suppose some of us were to band together and create a little public opinion which would respect without insisting upon a material inventory? Well, for one thing, we would unquestionably be sent to jail the moment we threatened to become formidable, for the gospel we would be preaching might have a disastrous effect upon manufacture. We seem fated to enter upon the airplane age.

And after that, what? Already steps are being taken to secure annual prizes for those who shall distinguish themselves in their research for some means of flying to the moon and the planets. I do not venture to say whether such navigation would bring relief to the earth or not. But I am moved to pity the inhabitants—if any—of our celestial neighbors. How the moon will look once its surface becomes littered with empty tin cans abandoned by trippers! It seems certain, however, that manufacture will be stimulated, and the fear of business cycles still further removed.

But some day, perhaps, a machine will be invented absolutely unendurable, even by the toughest product of evolution. Mankind will then return to the encyclical of 1891, learn again that "excellent results were effected by the artificer's guilds of a former day," and even begin once more to admit that a state chiefly prospers by everything which makes the citizen better and happier—morality, religion and a respect for justice being included.

MARITAIN, PRACTISING PHILOSOPHER

By ERIN SAMSON

JACQUES MARITAIN is known abroad as an enthusiastic scholastic and as the most devoted of Saint Thomas's lay disciples. In the two widely read volumes, Anti-Moderne and Trois Réformateurs (Luther, Descartes and Rousseau) he has very carefully expounded the modern reaction against modernism. His clarity of style and vividness of argument sent crumbling, in the minds of many young people, the altars dedicated, with unreasonable fanaticism, either to reason or non-reason. Doubtless Maritain only mirrored the trend of contemporary Catholic thought, but his voice sounded in the highways where pure philosophy rarely ventures. One does not require great intellect or mental training to understand and appreciate such paragraphs as the following:

> Most philosophers have loved the intellect beyond everything, even though they profaned it. Most of them have loved it beyond God. Saint Thomas loves God more than the intellect, but he loves the intellect more than all the philosophers have loved it. That is why he can redeem it by reminding it of its duties. He saves the intellect from cowardice, he gives it the courage to assault supreme verities. He saves it from vainglory, he teaches it to measure itself according to things, and to listen to a living tradition. He teaches it at the same time the complementary virtues which it had lost, magnanimity and humility.
>
> He is placed at the crossways, he holds the key to the problems which oppress our hearts; he teaches us to triumph over both anti-intellectualism and rationalism, over the evil that humbles the reason below reality, and over the evil that exalts it above reality; he gives us the secret of true humanism, of the supreme development of the human personality, but in sanctity, not in concupiscence, by the spirit and the cross, not by the grandeur of the flesh. He is standing at the entrance of modern times, holding out to us in the golden basket of his thousand arguments, the sacred fruits of wisdom.

Does not this writing possess a literary excellence and warm persuasion which can bring the whole man—his heart and inner spirit—to truth?

Maritain's General Introduction to Philosophy and his Order of Concepts (logic) have for several years been in use not only in Catholic faculties but in state institutions. He is regarded as one of the leading younger philosophers of France. But he is not only a philosopher, he is a man of action, one who applies practically, the conclusions of his abstract meditations. Jacques Maritain praises the philosophy of Saint Thomas, but he does more. He seeks actively to spread its doctrines by lecturing to the Catholic youth of France at the Paris Institut, and by forming study clubs. Last year (and probably this) a group met at his home on monthly Sunday afternoons to discuss the

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wisdom of the angelic doctor under the guidance of a theologian. It was significant and rather fine to see Maritain himself sit as a student beside some young girl, who was proud of her two years of collegiate philosophy.

Moreover the author of Art and Scholasticism, the most valuable small work on the subject, does not merely define aesthetic principles which he finds suggested in the scholastics: he is the loyal and encouraging friend of the poets and artists of his time. One finds him prefacing a book of reproductions of paintings by George Rouault, an advanced expressionist. And it is Maritain who discusses the frontiers of poetry in a volume of young moderns, including Jean Cocteau, Pierre Reverdy, Max Jacob and our own T. S. Eliot. Having said that "a writer's style has little to do with his faith, an academic painter is not more religious than a modern one," he does not hesitate to hang a Christ by Rouault next a saint of Chartres. Having made a statement that art is relative in its form according to time and place, he does not look back with timid yearning at one phase, but studies change and accepts with large tolerance whatever fulfils the fundamental requirements for beauty. One can also say that he not only writes concerning the beautiful, but that he creates his measure of beauty. There are few Frenchmen of the present day whose style is more perfectly their tool than is his.

Language that must clothe abstract thought and polemics and that can still remain limpid and musical is very rare. So are phrases which are imprinted now with the severity of logic, now with the passion of sincerity, as easily as melted wax. When Cocteau writes to him that they are two children and so were destined to meet, he answers with a vision as poetic as any poet's:

> The logic of our meeting: The angels that guard us had been watching one another for a long time. They made their plans a long time ago. John, they see the face of the Father; they know morning with the exultation of grace and the glory of the Vision of the Word, where all shines; they know evening with the understanding of the whole machinery of creation, its reasons and natural rights; they have seen Lucifer fall, they have adored at Golgotha, they were present at the coronation of the Virgin. Can you imagine their prayer? In their eyes we are like two small points of darkness moving in the light, but which Jesus has loved. Two children, you were right, my dear Cocteau.

In Art and Scholasticism Maritain explains that art, although unmoral in itself, cannot break with morality because art is produced by man, who cannot break with his conditions of life. Whereupon he writes:

> Do not separate your art from your faith. But leave distinct what is distinct. Do not try forcibly to confound that which life itself unites so well.

This remark, worthy of meditation, is an excellent commentary on Maritain's own work. Without effort the Christian and the artist are united in his writings. They breathe an air of higher regions, they pronounce the humility of their author and yet the daring that faces the sun in contemplation. It is quite unnecessary for Maritain to intrude the appurtenances of his faith, to wax eloquent on holy water and candles: "Leave distinct what is distinct," but the disciple of Christ takes the pen whenever the philosopher does or the man of letters.

Jacques Maritain discourses on art in the manner of a Saint Francis born in the twentieth century, and of a philosophic turn of mind. He puffs up every artist by assuring him that

> Art restitutes, figuratively, paradise. Not in life, not in the man, but in the accomplished work of art. "There, all is but order and beauty"; there no further discord, and sense and spirit are reconciled, voluptuousness flows into light. [Letter to Cocteau]

But he also reminds the artist that art is, of course, a bagatelle compared to the beauty of God. The middle-ages produced great art because they understood hierarchy and the position in the universe of man's effort. He can say that poetry is akin to grace:

> Its kingdom is within us, it is, too, a mere nothing, a small thing, a morning light which grows to the fulness of day; it demands in its way a true spirit of poverty. It wins liberty by constraint.

Who has defended the muse more sweetly and with more Catholicity? But he adds smiling,

> We would give, John, all the poems and all systems for the little rest of love of a heart united to God. [Letter to Cocteau]

Lastly we see the scholastic philosopher as a man of action in the realm of goodness which emanates from truth. To speak of a man's personal virtue while he is a contemporary is presumptuous, but one may mention his personal influence which has become public property. Maritain encourages the study of Saint Thomas, he encourages the free and firm pursuit of any form of true art and he encourages mere goodness. His name is linked with the conversion of several famous personalities. There are less famous ones too.

Psichari, the grandson of Renan and a leader of his generation, was baptized in Maritain's little chapel. Together they made a pilgrimage on foot to Chartres, thus completing by spiritual union the deep friendship of a lifetime. When the time came for a biography of Psichari, killed in battle with a rosary wrapped round his fingers, it was a woman, A. M. Goichon, who wrote it. The intimate friend was content to suggest in a charming preface the power of friendship, the sweet poignancy of memory. In Anti-Moderne he returns to Psichari in a study of his spiritual development, but pauses for a paragraph to give a picture of their holidays—no mean example for boys of today:

> We gave ourselves to oil painting with frenzied ardor, and I still remember a certain wheat field where we went to paint each other's portraits; at nightfall we continued

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> by candlelight and the next day, the reopening of school, perched on the outside of the stage coach, we labored over our unfinished masterpieces. We wrote poems, sonnets, where green skies and sunsets figured prominently. We practised Baudelaire enormously and with what tumult of recitations!

In his Letters to Cocteau he remarks, "Bona amicorum communia." It is this great and tender sense of comradeship which has been most probably an important factor in his spiritual influence.

In grave matters of life and death and conversions Maritain does not lose his sense of proportion and his sense of humor. He belongs with the gentle humorists, Francis de Sales and Thomas More. He assures Cocteau, who credits him with the religious end of Eric Satie, the composer, that their last meetings were not pious:

> With me he [Satie] talked especially of music and cookery, of the extraordinary dishes which Brancusi prepared for him. Once I was roundly scolded for not finding a pot of jam which had mysteriously disappeared. I had to look everywhere. "What's the good of being a Catholic writer and not able to find a pot of jam! Just to see you one knows very well you're sure never to find it." [Satie]

It was in 1926 that literary Paris was more than mildly excited by the publication of the famous letters which revealed the conversion of Cocteau, the enfant terrible of French letters, the hero of the young revolt, of free verse, of free art, of modern classicism, of uproars in the theatre, of everything gay and startling. Several of his friends also became Catholics under the Maritain influence. The letters were full of interesting ideas on religion and art and appealed to the twentieth century through their clever, epigrammatic style. Old ladies might object to Max Jacob assuring Cocteau that he was to seek Communion as though it were a spiritual asperin tablet, but the comparison was apt and explained more than a theological page. The world that was not interested in the luminous clarity of Maritain's philosophic expositions began to wonder at the power that could change a decadent pagan into a Christian. It was only grace, of course, but Providence had used, once more, as intermediary, Jacques Maritain—Maritain who asserts "We must have hard minds and soft hearts"—minds unflinching before truth, hearts tender before humanity.

At the close of the Letter to Cocteau Maritain writes:

> For me I return to the Logica Major and the Prima Philosophia, and to the great battle of the quo and quod.

It is first as a philosopher that he wishes to be considered, as a disciple of Brother Thomas Aquinas.

> But love itself presupposes knowledge. . . . On a misguided intellect nothing can be built. So I have given my life to Saint Thomas. For I should like, I, too, that the intellect be saved from the devil and be returned to God.

In another book he tells us that he wishes to be among "the useless servitors of Him who has conquered the world." Useless is a fitting word for a man to append to his work in the face of Divinity, but those of his generation who have known Maritain or have read him will not agree to its validity. Regardless of his contribution to philosophic theory, he will surely be remembered as a philosopher who lived among men and brought to them, directly and lovingly, the life-giving fruits of his searchings.

SELLING ALBANIA

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

IN AN article entitled Italy and Albania in The Commonweal for May 11, 1927, Mr. Martyn Hemphill expressed his opinion that the flare-up of the moment between Italy and Jugo-Slavia over Albania would lead to nothing more serious than the exchange of diplomatic reminders of agreements already on paper. The passage of nearly a year since this "crisis" has proved Mr. Hemphill's exact and sound judgment of the situation. Although there are always rumblings in Albania and occasional scareheads in the papers about that redoubtable country, nothing of importance has happened there, or seems likely to happen that would disturb the peace of Europe.

While in Albania recently, the writer had the opportunity of talking with a number of the natives whose views on Ahmed Zoglou and his policies were as abstract and impersonal, as far removed from the tests of actual contact with their subject, as those of the average "reform" voter on the boss of a New York ward. Zoglou was decidedly "in," well-entrenched in his old palace in Tirana, but in the lives of these young Albanians he meant only that someone's brother-in-law was cooling his heels in Bari for voting on the wrong side: or a cousin was finding the climate of Trieste more adapted to his health than that of Durazzo: or, perhaps, a friend remaining on the soil could not visit Tirana as often as he wished because his marksmanship was inferior to that of the faction in power.

They told us strange tales, but the losers in a political fight nearly always have odd romances to relate of the people who got in, so we took with a grain of salt the assertions that Zoglou's constituents had bought him votes with money procured no one knew where, for the country is as poor as the proverbial Job's turkey: that this President of a new republic, in order

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to marry a European princess, intended to break his engagement with the Albanian girl already betrothed to him, at the risk of incurring assassination by some member of her tribe.

Nobody seemed much concerned over this gossip one way or another, and at the capital the attachés of the various legations were apparently more occupied in denouncing the food and the climate than in preparing for monstrous occurrences of state. As for Zoglou himself, he did not appear in public, nor show his uniformed person to a loving populace as frequently as might have been expected of a gentleman of alleged strongly republican principles. What he does with himself all day is best known to his ministers, but from what we gathered, most people in Albania do not care greatly what kind of a government they have so long as it is their own—"a poor thing, perhaps, but mine own" might sum up their creed, both economic and political.

This does not necessarily mean that they would long tolerate interior corruption or oppression; only a certain indifference to politics as the game is played in other countries. The Albanians are an out-door people, not accustomed to conferences over polished mahogany; and what civilization they have acquired is not expressed fundamentally in material terms. Christians, they follow the cross devoutly, and, gun in hand, follow with even more fervor the local head of their clan. Wanderers on savage mountains, dwellers in windowless huts, they far exceed Europeans in their reverence for women and actual protection of them. Yet with this highly civilized attitude they combine the primitive instinct to settle their tribal difficulties among themselves without benefit of lawyers or clergy. They do not want much of Europe for the simple reason that envy is not in their souls nor the need of the trappings of civilization.

Of course their way of life is all too primitive and, on the side of sanitation, impossible, but the Albanians as a nation have some magnificent traits. Chiefly however they want to keep their adored country intact, modeled somehow on Scanderbeg's pattern, free of the Turk, free of European interference, free of people who will overstep their privileges in dictating to the roaming mountaineers what they must do and how they must do it.

Zoglou—and supposedly his government—does want two things for his people: agricultural education for the boys; and for the girls, a certain training in European ways of housekeeping; and if they are Mohammedans, he wants them unveiled. A Mohammedan himself, it might be assumed that he would not favor the Catholics and the Greek Orthodox who together form two-thirds of the population, but religious bigotry is almost unknown in Albania. Zoglou's plans for his people seem entirely impartial, and his progressive measures began with his own family. His sisters, we were informed, do not wear the veil.

The Junior Red Cross at Tirana is doing very good work in its manual training school for boys: and there is a fine Catholic school for girls at Scutari, but the influence of the cities and their institutions is still very slight on the country at large. They are not cities at all in our sense of the term. Scutari, the largest, has only 75,000 inhabitants, while Durazzo, the chief port, recently half destroyed by an earthquake, is not much more than a small town. But it is making progress! An electric power house was installed in it last autumn; and tracks are being laid from it for the first railroad in Albania, which is to go up to Tirana, about thirty miles in the interior. No one, to my knowledge, has yet proposed a railroad running from Scutari south along the coast, parallel to the highway which during the war the Austrians made passable for motor-cars. Perhaps such a railroad could only be run at a loss, as the bulk of the native population would probably continue to travel on foot or muleback in the manner of their ancestors.

As for the Italian occupation scare, we unearthed but one lone Italian farmer at Kavaje, a good-natured citizen who seemed to have caught the Albanian fever for a gun, and apparently did no more to establish the dictatorship of Italy than to tramp over his little farm with his dog at his heels and a cartridge belt about his huge waist. In Tirana a few Italians ran a good hotel, for which act of mercy in a desolate land all Europeans stranded there showered coin and blessings on them. We wished Mussolini would send cooks into Albania, as after a prolonged diet of egg-plant fried in sheep's butter, we felt that the real problems of the country were culinary. Certainly the bulk of the population is under-nourished and, therefore, easily a prey to the malaria always lying in wait for foreigners and natives alike.

Some unknown Lindbergh of the country might, perhaps, sell Albania in such a way that her own people would benefit from agricultural, commercial or mining operations. This would take time for, as matters stand now, alien promoters would necessarily receive the lion's share of profits. The natives are as yet too untrained and too poor for developing the resources of their country on a large scale.

The extent of these resources is not accurately known, but Albania, beyond doubt, possesses great natural wealth. The coal mines of Korcha are well on the map and petroleum exists in large quantities. Albanian mineral pitch already paves the boulevards of Paris; and, according to Chekrezi, French and German engineers have discovered

> gold, lead, iron, petroleum, copper, chromium, antimonium and cinnabar, and one of them has reported that in each ton of mineral ore there may be found from four to six kilos of silver.

Forests abound of oaks, beeches, elms, the ash, the plane, poplars and walnut trees, but many of these great woods are practically inaccessible, and streams deep enough to float lumber are not numerous. The

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cattle are not of vigorous breed, the cows especially being thin and small, and their milk-yield indifferent in both quantity and quality. This may be partly owing to the fact that the prolonged dry season in summer withers the vegetation of the pasture lands.

Albania should be opened up to the peaceful penetration of foreign engineers, farmers, cattle breeders, miners and refiners, but there are grave difficulties in the way. Her only port, Durazzo, has rather a poor harbor and everything must be taken off in small boats from the steamers that arrive about three times a week from Bari and Brindisi, the nearest Italian ports, or weekly from Trieste. Once in the country there are no roads to speak of. Until railroads are built, efforts to sell the national resources must be largely in vain.

Whether any of the Balkan states would attempt to get possession of Albania in the future depends, of course, largely on how far the powers would consider her worth a general European mix-up. It is inconceivable that Italy would ever want her. Albania is not big enough in the first place for even subway standing room for the overflow of Italy's population, and the climate would be likely to put invaders and settlers both under the sod in less than three years unless they came with whole pharmacies of quinine.

SOMETHING BESIDES WEATHER

By LEO L. WARD

NOT with the last melting drift, but with the final whack of Sed Bowman's hammer, would winter leave. Sed was the auctioneer. And his last sale, just before the spring work on the soil could begin, was the real end of winter's comparative leisure on the farms.

All winter long the telephone poles and the corner fence posts at every cross-road were covered with sale bills, and every man and boy on that prairie stopped to read them. January came with its heavy snows or its rain and sleet, then February with a blizzard or two, and then a blustery, treacherous, early March; but every day new sale bills appeared at the fence corners, and all of us had plenty of time to read every word of them. During those glorious weeks there was no anxious toil, no hurry, no straining of backs in a struggle with the soil. Except ax-work, when the wood supply ran low, everything bided its time, and every labor was rest for us because we could do it with a luxurious sense of leisure. Our pleasures were simple and few. The sheer animal joy we got out of our sausage and corn-meal pancakes and burning coffee of cold mornings, the contentment we felt when feeding and watching stock as they munched their corn, the pleasure of eating innumerable russet apples beside the fire in the evening, and the deep but thrilling peace that our hearts, warm beneath our sheepskins, felt under the bright, high skies, or the low, woolen, snow-filled skies, of those short winter days—all this was meat and wine enough to satisfy the spirit of the heartiest and simplest Jan Ridd among us. And the only relief we wanted from this round of simple pleasures was an occasional sale day.

A sale day was our winter fête, more exciting than the greatest ice derby or an international ski meet—and more significant. True, it did mean a contest, and we were all healthy enough to love a good contest worthily. But it meant a very great deal more than that Lew Wood'ard would be bidding against his Aunt Minnie for an oak table with big red bow-legs. It also meant Sed Bowman, who had all the genius, although none of the ambition, of a Barnum.

I remember Sed very well, and his bull-throated roaring. "Now, Jim Bowles," he would shout, "since you've just bought the two wind-brokenest horses I've ever sold in my life, and paid $387 for them too, here's just the thing I know you'd like to take along with them. This Janesville plow, good as new, used only one season. . . . " Here Sed's big voice would suddenly drop to a hoarse, mysterious whisper that could be heard distinctly all over the crowd. "But you're not going to get it. Oh no, Jim Bowles, I won't knock it off to you nohow, no matter what you bid. And why? Because that team I just sold you couldn't pull a fourteen-inch plow if they had to." And then there would be such a roar of laughter in that farmyard as would set Mrs. Young's hens to cackling in their hen-house a good quarter of a mile away. After which Jim Bowles, with a game but slightly sheepish grin on his red face, would buy a plow that he did not need.

Every one of Sed's sales was sure to be uproarious fun. The selling of each article was like an act in a vaudeville show—but better than any vaudeville, because full of an infinitely better kind of fun. And being country-folk born to the necessities of thrift, we loved nothing more than these free shows, and we manifested our appreciation of Sed when a sale was over, by assuring our neighbors over open tobacco pouches, that unless we were badly mistaken "that Bowman is a clown."

Then groundhog day would come—and someone always had a sale on groundhog day. At the sale there would be some joking and good-natured quarreling about the groundhog's "shadder." But no one really believed in the superstition for men were already asking Sed Bowman how long his sale season was going to run. Sed's answer could tell us, better than any groundhog's shadow, when the winter was going to end. The shadow of his auction hammer was the only sign we went by, for the winter would be over for us only with Sed's last sale. The winter had meant for us something besides weather, besides snow and frost and grey clouds that covered the heavens like a seamless, flannel blanket. It had meant morning sausages and russet apples beside the fire and the sounds of cattle munching their hay and much unhurried talk about a hundred quiet things. It was a luxurious rest, bringing us a sense of uninterrupted, unlimited leisure. But all this would be over with Sed Bowman's last sale. Not slowly, drift by drift, on a thousand streaming hillsides would winter leave us. It would go abruptly in one swift final moment, when the last horse or plow or bedstead was being sold; for as soon as Sed Bowman had finished his last sale of the year, had told his last joke amid a great roar of laughter, there would be no longer any excuse for leisure.

And as we rode home from the sale that evening we knew that the spring was about to begin, not as the poet finds it, coming "blossom by blossom" through the woods, but as the peasant sees it, furrow after furrow in the fields, where we would be following our plows tomorrow.

Loss and Gain

I never knew I lost so much
Until I gained you for a friend;
I never knew I gained so much,
Until I lost you in the end.

SISTER M. EULALIA.

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POEMS

Mary

As I went down Loch Leven's shore
  Upon a waning day,
"Mary, Mary, Mary," low
Cried waves that lapped my feet before
  Within a little bay;
And wan wraiths by me seemed to go—
Darnley, Bothwell, Rizzio,
And grim John Knox who wrought for woe
On Mary—ere that cruel blow
  At fatal Fotheringay.

Ah, Mary is a mournful name
  Since sad Gethsemane—
The Mother and the Magdalen
Who wept in sadness and in shame
  Beneath the awful Tree;
And there beyond the lonely glen
Where the grim guarding keep had been
The waves persisted yet again;
"Mary, Mary, Mary," then
  Came sobbing up to me.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Blue Gold

When I open the window to see
  The bird that sings by the bush,
There is only the shaking old tree
  And silence turned to a hush.

But the air! It is blue, it is gold,
  And breezes rest on the hill.
Not a song in the air of blue gold
  For the bird that whistled is still.

If I waited, the bird might yet dare
  To trill a bit in the cold
But the song that I wanted was there
  In silence made of the gold.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Birthday in Bed

With bland indifference the jinn of flu
Forgot this day, or chose to use it so—
Doubtless delighting in the look of woe,
The chill, the bone-ache, as he turns the screw.
But he could not forbid the sun to shine
Or one to send that jar of marmalade
Whose fire no tributary beam can fade—
I lie and drink its color like a wine.
And through the hot Sahara of my head
Runs all day long a little rill of Keats—
His "lucent syrops, tinct"—with orange-peel,
Not "cinnamon." It makes this burning bed
A pharmacy where citrine philters heal
And Ellen's marmalade my misery cheats!

DOROTHY LEONARD.

Builder's Song

I will build me a house in the open road,
  Saldo, no . . . Valdo, yo . . .
And it shall be as the house of God,
  Open to him to cometh.

And I'll make me a table, and make me a chair,
  Saldo, no . . . Valdo, yo . . .
And they shall be his who is sitting there,
  His till the morning dawneth.

And in one corner I'll build me a bed,
  Saldo, no . . . Valdo, yo . . .
But comes one more weary, he'll sleep there instead
  Sleep till the morning dawneth.

And then, without pay, he will journey on,
  Saldo, no . . . Valdo, yo . . .
But I shall be left in the house alone,
  Mine till the angel cometh.

HERVEY WHITE.

De Profundis

Was that Tree high enough for Thee
To see across the years to me?
Across that dim and crowded space
To know my small, unhappy face?

Down dusty corridors of years
Your eyes search through the sorry tears
For those who follow each swift light
That flashes in our spirit's night;

That flashes in our spirit's night;
Each clamoring voice that calls away;
For us who can no counsel keep
With that which lies in us asleep;

For us, if there be more like me,
Who have no words to call to Thee!

ELSPETH GIVENS.

Etching

I know a hill where a pine tree perches
On a rocky ledge, in a grove of birches,
Silver birches, that seem to listen,
Leaning aslant. Their long trunks glisten,
Touched by nature, the magic tinter,
Pale harp-strings for the winds of winter;
Which, swaying, hold exquisite traces
Of delicate twigs, like filmy laces
On the amber sky, where sunset lingers.
Hemlocks point, with grave, dark fingers
Where gleaming Vega, pale amethyst,
Keeps, near the zenith, her ancient tryst.

BLANCHE WHITING KEYSNER.

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COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Toronto, Canada.

TO the Editor:—Father Lambing asks why so many Catholics look askance at prohibition. The answer is (1) from the purely temporal standpoint of efficiency, because it doesn't prohibit, and never will prohibit so long as men exercise their birthright of freedom in a matter where the Lord has left them free; (2) from an ethical point of view, because temperance, or self-control and moderation in the use of all things, is a moral virtue, and as such postulates free choice in the exercise of it; (3) from a spiritual point of view, and from this especially, because as Catholics and Christians we must regulate our conduct by the Gospel standards, and must aim at the attainment of eternal life by the practice of the Christian virtues.

But total abstinence from strong drink, even when voluntary, is not a Christian virtue, else do the followers of Mohammed excel therein. Much less is total abstinence, as enjoined by the state and forced upon all the people, a Christian virtue, because it is not even a moral virtue. The state has no jurisdiction in the spiritual sphere. If Caesar can lay down the law for us in this particular matter, why not in other matters as well? Why not in eugenics, in euthanasia, in the bringing into the world and bringing up of children, even in religion—as Calles actually is trying to do in Mexico today? Give Caesar an inch and he can be counted on to take an ell.

We Catholics are to practise virtue not because Caesar publishes an edict, but because Christ requires it of us. We are to be sober because drunkards shall not possess the Kingdom of God. We are to abstain wholly from intoxicating drinks, if we elect to do so, because great is the reward in heaven of those who practise faithfully this heroic form of Christian virtue.

But let it never be forgotten that Christian humility is infinitely dearer to God than total abstinence, and that total abstinence itself is nothing in His eyes if the motive be not supernatural. One can be as "dry" as the most fanatical Mussulman and as proud as Lucifer.

RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D.D.

P. S. In your excellent editorial (The Commonweal, February 8) you quote Saint Thomas as saying that "the common good is to be preferred to the particular good of anyone." Quite true. But Saint Thomas also says that law is a dictate of right reason, and it is very much open to question whether the law which aims at forcing total abstinence on all the people is such. For one thing, God has left man free in the matter of food and drink, while enjoining sobriety and moderation in all things. Temperance in the use of alcoholic beverages is a virtue, of which total abstinence is the highest form. But it is of the very essence of virtue that one should practise it freely. Prohibition, if enforced, would do away altogether with the virtue of temperance in the use of strong drink, while total abstinence, because the result of necessity, not of free choice, would also cease to be a virtue. But it is virtue that makes man a good citizen and fits him to become a citizen of the Kingdom of God. Temperance, one of the cardinal virtues, is self-control. In vain will you pass sumptuary laws if men are not carefully schooled from their earliest childhood in the practice of this virtue.

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The question asked by Reverend M. A. Lambing in your columns, "Why do so many Catholics favor alcoholic beverages and despise prohibition when the former had never done the Church good nor the latter done her any harm?" is annoying, to say the least. The prohibition question is sufficiently involved in its present state of confusion without adding to the difficulties by attempting to classify its opponents according to their religious beliefs or the color of their hair. The question having been asked may just as well be answered, however.

Catholics oppose and despise prohibition for the same reason that a Baptist or a Congregationalist opposes and despises it—because they are perfectly normal human beings, possessing a sense of proportion, a free will which they do not wish to be blunted by a paternalistic government, and because they have a fairly adequate concept of the duties and limitations of government.

The Catholic, in common with his separated brethren, has perfectly natural and legitimate appetites, which in the ordinary course of events may be satisfied in a perfectly legitimate and natural manner. To admit the right of a government to determine arbitrarily which appetite or craving of human nature is legitimate and which is not is to bring the government into a sphere of activity sufficiently broad in its scope to endanger the very foundations of all liberty, all individuality, free will and every sense of personal responsibility.

If I admit the right of government in one instance to tell me what I shall drink, I see absolutely no reason why I shall not allow the same government to tell me in a given instance what I shall wear. The prohibitionist denies me the right to drink a glass of beer because he firmly believes that what I put into my stomach is going to injure somebody else. In other words, the so-called welfare of the greatest number is involved, they maintain. The farmers and their families, estimated at about 30,000,000 individuals, are undergoing severe reverses at the present time. Would the prohibitionist be willing to allow the government to order him to eat five parsnips on Monday, three potatoes on Tuesday, a loaf of bread on Wednesday, etc., so that the farmers' produce would have a great sale—a quick turnover—thereby adding essentially to the well-being of thirty or forty million citizens? We all admit the right of government to restrict and restrain the actions of individuals along certain lines and within well-defined limits. But we do not admit the right of government to legislate out of existence a legitimate appetite upon which Our Saviour Himself placed the stamp of approval at the wedding feast.

Catholics who oppose intoxicating liquors on the principle that prohibition removes the abuses formerly connected with the liquor traffic should immediately support a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles, because automobiles have yearly killed more citizens than were killed during the world war; because automobiles maim and injure thousands annually; bcause they are used as the means to an end in all sorts of crime and unlawful activities; in a word, because they have connected with them every abuse formerly connected with the liquor traffic.

Catholics oppose prohibition because the small voice of conscience, the last court of appeal for the individual, is loud in its protest at this legal and moral monstrosity.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

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Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—In your article on prohibition appearing in a recent issue, you give a great deal of comfort to Catholics who favor the Eighteenth Amendment and whose numbers are constantly increasing.

We would like, however, to comment on the following, which was included therein:

"Taken out into the open, severed from the vengeances of politically organized fanaticism, and discussed as a matter of national policy, the question of prohibition becomes something new and different from what it has been."

"The vengeances of politically organized fanaticism" could be more correctly applied to the liquor forces, who virtually controlled all of the political organizations for a generation or more and who directed vengeance of a fanatical type toward everyone who questioned not only the ethics of their business but especially those who for the welfare of the community, would attempt to exercise the slightest regulation thereof.

The writer knows something about fanaticism and prejudices, as my name and the name of my company appeared more frequently than any other in the anti-Catholic papers of the country, and from experience can say that the prejudice of the anti-Catholics is not nearly so vicious and vindictive as the prejudice of anti-prohibitionists.

Whatever politically organized fanaticism exists within the prohibition movement is due to the fact that fanaticism, like prejudice, breeds fanaticism. While there may be some fanatical prohibitionists it must not be overlooked that there are as many fanatical liquorites.

It was tyranny rather than vengeance that was exercised by the liquor people in the political, social and business life of the country, and largely responsible for prohibition and the Volstead Act.

P. H. CALLAHAN,
Secretary, Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition.

THE ANONYMOUS INQUISITOR

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The author of the series of articles in the Atlantic Monthly on Catholic conditions in the United States seems to have aroused more anger by his anonymity and by his views on clerical celibacy than by any other single thing he has said.

Personally, I can find no great quarrel with him on the first score. There is still a certain acerbity in our family discussions which intimidates the gentle.

As for celibacy, it seems to me that there is a deep misunderstanding there. The ideal priest is not one who hates people or hates the world, but rather one who loves the world and loves people, and who is willing to forego the joy of lavishing that love upon his immediate and very own for the joy of spending it more completely on the wider circle of the souls entrusted to his care and all those beyond it that he can reach.

A crabbed natural bachelor, a misanthrope or misogynist, does not make an ideal parish priest. It is that one, rather, who would have been a perfect home-maker, an affectionate and wise father.

It is not the character which would have made a good regimental officer, a good labor leader, a good section boss, or even a great captain of industry and "brasseur d'affaires" who may be expected to give the best spiritual results—after all, the only results to which the clergy are entitled.

Lay opinion on such a subjct need not expect much consideration. Nevertheless, married men have certainly a position from which to offer opinion, for they have also been celibates; they have tried both states. To some such it may seem that there must be something very much deeper and wiser in the administrative rule of clerical celibacy than mere "efficiency." It may seem that it is not so much freedom of action that is desired by that rule, as conscious direction of natural human family impulses to the care of souls rather than to the raising of children. When that is lost or overlaid by "efficiency" a rift between clergy and laity is, of course, natural and inevitable.

As for the "sacrifice" involved, which is always greatly stressed, in what does it consist? Mainly, one might think, in the finality of a decision. The final decision of a straight-living man not to marry may not be any more terrifying than any clean man's or woman's decision to take a permanent partner. I think that the "celibacy" discussion has been twisted from its real meaning.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

SENATOR HEFLIN'S ARITHMETIC

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Hitherto, I believe, Senator Heflin's explosive outbursts and two-hour tirades on the floor of the Senate have provoked nothing but tolerant amusement from the general unbiased public. The New York Times of March 3, however, gives further accounts of additional ridiculous statements made by the Senator upon which I cannot help commenting, and which prove more clearly than ever his own reductio ad absurdum.

Mr. Heflin maintains that he has been the victim of many threats, but he is certain no one will dare lay hands upon him, because "the day that he is murdered a hundred priests in the South will be marked for death and other Catholics in high office will be killed in retaliation." The case, therefore, appears now to be taking on a feudal aspect—thus:

1 Heflin 100 Catholics

It seems to me that the Alabaman places altogether too high a value upon himself.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

PARADOX AND PROPHECY

London.

TO the Editor:—I observe that on page 1091 of your issue in which my first article appeared, I use the words "Action Française" where the context makes clear, I hope, that the Action Populaire was intended. No doubt this slip was due to my own carelessness. I am not aware that the Action Française has done much, if anything, to study social problems or ameliorate social conditions: the Action Populaire has always done both. I have always admired it: while quite two years ago I was sharply criticized for insisting that the Action Française was heading straight toward condemnation.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

AS TO "THE POPE OF ROME"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In an article in a recent issue you speak of the "Pope of Rome." Why of "Rome"? Is not the Holy Father Pope of the world? "Bishop" of Rome, yes—but, in speaking of His Holiness, just only "Pope." Correct me if I am wrong.

G. STANTON FLOYD-JONES.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Twelve Thousand

WE HAVE to thank the Garrick Players, alias Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis, for at least two acts of as beautiful and enthralling staging and direction of a costume play as we have seen this year. If the playwright's work in the last act fails to sustain the promise of the first two, at least we come away from the theatre conscious of having witnessed a product of devotion, artistry and a pervading sense of beauty.

Twelve Thousand is a play set in the summer pavilion in the gardens of a German ducal palace during the period of the American Revolution. Its author, Bruno Frank, started out with the interesting idea of showing us the American Revolution in the perspective of a small group of people whose peace of mind is disturbed by the conscription of German troops (Hessians) for service in the American colonies under the British king. The greatest disappointment of the play is its non-fulfillment of the large promise in this idea. Throughout two acts we are held in excellent suspense, awaiting what seem to be portentous events expressing somehow the extraordinary force of a revolutionary idea operating across thousands of miles of space. What we really are led to expect is a tragic ending with the lift of a certain exaltation. Instead, the third act provides us with a happy ending brought about rather artificially through the last-minute intervention of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Being thoroughly imbued by this time with the romantic spirit, we hope for an ending at least as mildly sacrificial as The Prisoner of Zenda. But Bruno Frank would have it otherwise, and in that unfortunate decision one feels he has thrown away the makings of an important play.

The story, briefly, is that of Piderit, private secretary to a German princeling. Piderit, because of his peasant origin and because two of his brothers have been conscripted for service in America, betrays his prince by writing a letter to the king of Prussia, who is known to be bitterly opposed to the sending of German troops across the seas. The envoy of the Prussian king arrives just in time to prevent the shipment of the troops and, incidentally, to save the lives of Piderit and all others involved in the conspiracy. Woven into this main theme is the story of the love of Piderit for the mistress of the German prince—a girl also of peasant origin who for the moment has been blinded by her sudden elevation to riches and adulation. In several scenes of beautifully wrought irony, Piderit works upon her feelings until he wins over entirely her sympathy for the distracted peasantry of the principality. Although she is technically innocent of any part in this conspiracy, she is quite willing, when the time comes, to take full responsibility upon her own shoulders, thus redeeming in a large measure her betrayal of her finest qualities.

Basil Sydney, as the subservient and later courageous Piderit, gives in every sense a sterling performance. He has moderated to an amazing extent certain of the mannerisms which have marred his work during recent seasons, and has attained an ease and naturalness of expression which now match the excellent quality of his diction and the patent sincerity and intelligence of his work. Mary Ellis, as the baroness, in her successive stages of exquisite shallowness, of growing understanding, and of final readiness for supreme sacrifice, gives a characterization of extraordinary beauty and penetration. In the billowing costumes of the period she is, of course, enchanting to look upon, but she fully overcomes this handicap by the smoldering fire which gradually works through her emotions. Her transitions are superbly handled and it occurs to me that her work can be compared with only two other performances recently seen in New York—that of Helen Hayes in Coquette, and of Helene Thimig in the Reinhardt version of Tolstoy's Redemption. Incidentally, the mood, action and lighting of the first two acts of Twelve Thousand are strongly reminiscent of Reinhardt's methods at their best. The setting by Watson Barratt is in itself a little gem and it is used at every moment to the most complete advantage and the most telling effect. If the playwright sustained the promise of his first two acts, and if the direction in the last act did not lapse into boisterous heroics, unjustified by the fine edge of tragedy, it could easily be one of the most distinguished productions on our stage today. Even as it stands, Twelve Thousand reflects only the highest credit upon Mr. Sydney and Miss Ellis. Credit is also due William A. Drake for an exceedingly interesting translation from Bruno Frank's original German. (At the Garrick Theatre.)

The Three Musketeers

ONE always quavers a trifle before the idea of turning a fine romantic story into a musical comedy. Hence one's delight is always the keener when a producer manages to give credibility to the enterprise and instead of lessening its beauty adds so much in glamour and dramatic interest that the result stands forth as something of a masterpiece.

Mr. Ziegfeld has done well, nobly in fact, by The Three Musketeers. The book by William Anthony Maguire never slackens in dramatic interest. The music by Rudolph Friml is stirring, gracious and lovely by turns. The dances and ballets, as arranged by Albertina Rasch, are so plausibly worked in that they seem to become part of the structure of the story. The ensembles, as in the case of The Vagabond King, have been staged by Richard Boleslavsky, and the settings by Joseph Urban, though not exactly replete with atmosphere, are at least adequate and at times exceedingly picturesque.

The choice of Dennis King to play the immortal D'Artagnan was almost inevitable. He has a rare combination of qualities —a splendid vocal equipment, the instinct for delivering romantic lines without either mock heroics or sentimentality, the taut nervous energy and lithe figure for recreating the Gascon spirit, and a keen sense of comedy withal. Mr. King is about as far as he well and thankfully can be from the type of the ordinary musical comedy hero. He is primarily a fine actor, endowed with that extraordinary energy and enthusiasm which we associate in other fields with such a person as Al Jolson. Gilbert Seldes, I believe, has described this quality as a sort of "possession." At all events it is enormously effective in the theatre. There is no doubt that in his own field Mr. King has attained a perfection not less than that of John Barrymore. The Three Musketeers would be a lively and glamorous production without him, but with him it reaches the point of something rare and splendid.

As usual, however, Mr. Ziegfeld has not depended upon any one person to carry the burden of success. The entire cast is well chosen for acting ability. Vocally, Joseph Macaulay, as Aramis, is a high light of the evening. His song, Ma Belle, is one that audiences must hear four or five times to be satis-

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fied. Reginald Owen, as Cardinal Richelieu, and Clarence Derwent, as Louis XIII, both give excellent characterizations. Vivian Segal, as Constance, and Yvonne D'Arle, as Queen Anne, are close rivals for first excellence among the women of the cast; but if you are looking for the final touch of grace and glamour you will probably end by selecting the work of the Albertina Rasch dancers headed by the inimitable and exquisite solo dancing of Harriet Hoctor. Miss Hoctor, it will be recalled, was the bright and particular delight of the musical review, A la Carte. The only scene in the entire production which might come under question is the one in the bed-chamber of Lady de Winter toward the end of the last act. This scene borders rather crudely on the machinery of the bedroom farce in spite of the romantic deftness with which Dennis King plays his share in it. (At the Lyric Theatre.)

At the Metropolitan

IT IS strange that Puccini's La Rondine, written in 1912-13, should have had to wait fifteen years to receive its first American production, but it is stranger still that this production should be the first one which has found the opera a popular success. There could be no doubt of the enthusiasm with which the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House greeted the work when it was sung there a few weeks ago. La Rondine is no work of original genius, and it will scarcely hold the stage as have Bohème and Butterfly; indeed in Europe it has never held the stage at all. But it may be confidently expected to give pleasure to more than one season's subscribers at the Metropolitan, for the freshness of its tunes and the beautiful manner of its giving made it the only enjoyable novelty of the present operatic year in New York.

In La Rondine Puccini wrote his only comic opera. To the story of a healthy Traviata he composed waltzes and sentimental airs in the approved Viennese fashion, and in doing it showed that a modern Italian can have lightness as well as emotion. Indeed for the first time Puccini seemed able to break from the peculiar idiom by which he is known and which he originated, to become the sentimental play-boy he always was at heart. That any of the music of La Rondine will live is doubtful, though the first-act waltz is delightful, and the quartet in the second act admirably written and startling in its effectiveness. It is certain, however, that its airs will be played by the orchestras of every Broadway cabaret, and, alas, jazzed and otherwise maltreated. That in La Rondine Puccini showed himself a Johann Strauss is very much to be doubted, but in it he did write a very charming operetta—with the exception of Gianni Schicchi, the best thing from his pen since Butterfly.

The performance itself was delightful. Never has Miss Bori looked more charming, acted with such sprightly grace, or sung more surely or with better voice. As the Swallow she was a breath of spring itself. Miss Fleischer as the Maid gave likewise a delicious characterization of a Parisian grisette, and Mr. Tokatyan proved that the Metropolitan possesses one tenor who can be both an admirable singer and an accomplished comedian. Mr. Gigli alone was out of the picture, and beautifully as he sang, the regret remained that the Metropolitan could not have found an artist capable of expressing the youthful poetry of the part. Mr. Gigli is a tenor, just that and nothing more. He has never been a rounded artist and as the years go by he shows no signs of becoming one. Mr. Ludikar in a small part showed what a true artist can accomplish, and the other minor characters were well handled.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

BOOKS

The Will to Believe

The Reconstruction of Belief, by Right Reverend Charles Gore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

DOCTOR GORE offers the educated reader a new edition of his former works, Belief in God, Belief in Christ and The Holy Spirit and the Church. As these titles indicate a large number of historical, philosophical and theological topics are discussed.

The book is written to establish religious belief on a firm basis. The author has very correctly observed that the "faithful remnant" of the present day must "think out their principles, individually and collectively; so that they shall know what they believe and why they believe." The Reconstruction of Belief is intended to help them acquire such an intelligent grasp of religious truth. No reference to ecclesiastical authority is made in the first two volumes. Rational and historical standards are applied. The Holy Spirit and the Church, the third volume, critically analyzes the all-important question of authority in religion.

Perceiving a collapse in the religious tradition among Englishmen, the writer would start to build from the very foundation and discover first of all the God of true philosophy. For Dr. Gore, God is not only immanent but transcendent. The pantheistic notion of a God only immanent in nature is unsatisfying and philosophically indefensible. The God of the Hebrew prophets and Jesus Christ (regarded at the outset as only one of the prophets) is the true God. The teachings of Christ are certainly true, because of the indisputable access of moral power and capacity to deal with life, which the faithful recipients of this word of God are seen to possess. The author defends, after analysis, belief in divine revelation with its insistence on the Personality of God, absolutely transcendent, the necessary Being Who is goodness and love, and on man, as a free creature destined for immortal sonship. Neither science nor philosophy is in conflict with these great truths, though science at times has been openly opposed to the idea of the miraculous and the supernatural. The author then accepts the historicity of the New Testament. He observes that "miracles are not arbitrary violations of the world order, but rather divine acts done for the restoration of an order which sin had too grossly violated." After careful scrutiny the miracles of Christ are judged real occurrences.

In the second book, Belief in Christ, Dr. Gore reverently and scientifically considers Christ as the Divine Son Incarnate. He shows the distinctively Jewish background in which faith in Jesus had its origin. He traces the growth of the idea of His presence in the New Testament and rather fully discusses Saint Paul's interpretation of the passionate faith in the Church of Jerusalem in the light of the title "Son of God." This designation was accepted by the whole apostolic group, by the young churches and by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, whom Dr. Gore considers unknown. Various manifestations of adoptionism in early Christian history are rejected as false. The author maintains Christ did not entertain the delusion of the immediate coming of the end of the world. After answering the so-called critical reconstructions of the humanitarian and rationalistic type, he passes on to study the dogmatic decisions of the councils about Christ. But here he exposes a likely abuse that the Christ of the councils should replace in Christian minds the Christ of the Gospel. The Trinity, redemption and "original (or racial)" sin are treated.

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Without disparaging theology, Dr. Gore would have more attention given to Christ, the Way. Christ is the Word Incarnate and we "cannot look for another."

The Holy Spirit and the Church shows how Christ "refounded the old church on a new basis, and re-equipped it with officers in the persons of the twelve apostles and with certain sacramental rites of fellowship." Jewish traditions are the unmistakable source of the original doctrines and practices of the New Testament. The Church, then, is the temple of the Holy Spirit and the Body of Christ. To have fellowship with Christ one must be a member of His Church "the one visible society . . . the only covenanted sphere of Christ's redemption."

The Sacraments are social ceremonies. Penance, extreme unction and matrimony are admitted as sacraments in a more general sense but do not correspond to the stricter definition. The purpose of the Church is "to glorify God and be a moral attraction to mankind." The basis of the Church's authority is the word of God as taught by the apostles. Of course "the religion of the Roman Catholic Church presents all the appearance of a one-sided development of Catholicity in the direction of autocracy. . . . " Roman authority in western religion is "the great misleader of Europe." In our day of historical criticism and empirical science, anything like the absolute authority claimed by the Church is so detrimental. The Roman religion gives a certain tranquillity of spirit. "It makes special appeal to the particular disposition which craves simply the authoritative voice, and wants in passive acceptance to get rid of all personal responsibility for the truth. But I fancy this kind of spirit would have found our Lord a great trial when He was on earth. . . . I fancy it would have found more satisfaction with the dogmatic pharisee." Dr. Gore seems to have the idea that Catholic scholars reason in fetters. He sees insuperable historical difficulties connected with the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the infallibility of the Pope and transubstantiation. Quite easily he accepts the virginal conception, death, resurrection and ascension of Christ, as though even the clear statements in the New Testament did not need a living authoritative voice to assure us of their absolute truth. When the author refers to the Galileo instance as inferring "that the Church and the Bible have authority in matters of science. . . " we are surprised that the learned doctor so humiliates himself!

Such an estimate of the idea of authority in the Roman Catholic Church is strange from a man of Dr. Gore's erudition. Christ founded His Church. He gave to Peter the keys of the kingdom and promised to protect her from error by His abiding presence even to the consummation of the world. The Church uses this power and trusts in the guidance of Christ's Spirit, defining doctrines when such definitions seem most needed for the good of souls. Such definitions are Christ's truth. In accepting them the Catholic scholar no more reasons in fetters than does the child when he is compelled to accept that two and two are four. The Church has not answered all the questions that man's natural curiosity provokes. There is ample opportunity for the exercise of the most acute scholarly investigation. Above all Dr. Gore ought to realize that a long series of philosophical deductions ultimately reducible to immediately evident, intellectually known first principles, leads to motives of credibility which precede the act of faith made with the help of God's grace and a right will. One is only asked to believe when it can be shown that it is reasonable to accept the authority of God revealing. This makes faith supremely reasonable. Such truth makes man free instead of binding him "in fetters."

It seems so clear, especially in our day when we are distracted by the results of subjectivism inherited by us from the sixteenth-century revolt, that man studied psychologically and historically needs a guide, an authority to help him choose a true philosophy of life. This authority is necessary. It therefore exists. If it is to speak with finality then it must speak the truth to guide men safely and sanely. The real reconstruction of belief which will go far to satisfy present moral unrest must not be too proud to accept absolute truth and absolute authority. Toward the close of this volume the author regaining his balance writes:

"As we look toward the great Church of Rome, we know that in the main we Englishmen owe to her our Christianity, and we should delight to acknowledge the primacy of the Bishop of Rome among the churches of Christendom. As we read the record of the separation of the sixteenth century we wonder wistfully whether, if religion had not been so much mixed up with politics and with the passions of imperious monarchs, the separation need have occurred or need have become inveterate. But these are idle dreams; and as things stand at present no way toward reunion seems to be open. Since the early sixteenth century the breach has become wider and the obstacles larger and more definitely fixed. We can but wait and pray, in faithfulness to the truth as we see it."

The Reconstruction of Belief is a treasury of information. It is scholarly and sincere. It breathes a spirit of devotion and deep spirituality which are admirable and inspiring. We only hope that Christ the Way, of whom the author speaks so well, will direct the author and those of his persuasion to realize the necessity for an infallible voice to guide man safely home and that this voice is heard from the Chair of Peter.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

Brainy Cave-Men

Man Rises to Parnassus, by Henry Fairfield Osborn. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

THE first thing which strikes one about this handsome, well-illustrated book, written in the pleasant, easy style which one expects—and gets—from Professor Osborn, the director of the Natural History Museum in New York, is its surprisingly low price which, with its other attractions, will no doubt ensure for it a large sale.

In these lectures delivered under the Louis Vanuxem Foundation the Professor gives to the world a sequel to his other and well-known book, Men of the Old Stone Age. He commences with the still disputed, rostro-carinate flints of East Anglia discovered by Reid Moir. Since they have been accepted as the work of human hands by so first-class an authority as the Abbé Breuil, we may assume—at least for the present—that they are the earliest implements of human manufacture as yet discovered and, if so, they do, as the Abbé remarked after examining them, set back the date of man's arrival on this earth very considerably.

The author makes it some nine hundred thousand years but, as has been pointed out time and again, these computations, beyond those of the Baron de Geers which have real data to go upon and do not take us back more than, at the furthest, 12,000 years, are pure guesses since, save as mentioned above, we have no possible means of accurately estimating the time required to form the deposits above those in which the implements were found.

The discussion of these implements and of the early skulls is very full and the reader when he has completed this part of

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the book may feel that he is in possession of all the information that at present is in existence on these topics. What is really of first-class importance is Osborn's declaration that the famous and much-discussed Trinil skull—the Pithecanthropus erectus—is not that of an ape-man but of a dawn man, i.e., a very early human being, but a human being who "walked erect, thought as man, probably spoke as man, although his vocabulary was limited." There is pure surmise in the latter statements, but we may pass that for the present. Others have put forward this "man" view before, still others hold to the idea that the skull is no more than that of a large ape, and a third class insists that it is that of an intermediate between man and ape.

Seeing that there are first-class authorities in all three classes, the looker-on must still remain in doubt, but, no question about it, the adherence of so competent a vertebrate morphologist as Osborn to the "man" camp is an important fact. It is now only a few months since that author startled the scientific world by stating in a centenary address that scientists had been wholly wrong in attributing to a man a simian ancestry, and in the lecture in which he deals with the Trinil and other early skulls, he says that one of its purposes is "first, to banish the myth and bogy of ape-man ancestry; second, to show that the dawn man of tertiary time had surprisingly great brain-power." It is not without a certain flavor of interest that at the very date that the address was being given and that this book was issuing from the press, Sir Arthur Keith was telling the British Association, as its president, that there could be no doubt about the simian ancestry of man. So that here again is a case where doctors differ and doctors closely matched, both being directors of great museums; both authors of important works on prehistoric man; while if Sir Arthur is a Fellow of the Royal Society, Professor Osborn is a Foreign Member of that learned body which is a distinction that comes to but very few. Hence here again is a case where the looker-on must needs suspend his judgment.

After this, Professor Osborn proceeds to describe the wondrous work of the cave artists, and we cannot trust ourselves to do more than allude to them for they are of such fascinating interest that to begin to deal with them is to make it impossible to come to an end. Suffice it to say that the description of these men and their works as well as those of later races is set forth plainly and attractively in this most interesting and readable book.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

A Sylvan Sketchbook

Trees at Night, by Art Young. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

IT IS for those of his own brotherhood to write about this collection of drawings by Art Young from the standpoint of the artist—this review is intended for the other half of his always enthusiastic audience. To the first half, those who view his work from the angle of the fellow-artist, the art of Art Young is, and has been for many years, familiar talk. But that is not saying that there has been any less appreciation, if inarticulate, among the second half—those non-technicians of the great public who have long followed his work unanalytically, and solely for the pleasure they have derived from it as it has made its appearance from time to time in various American publications.

Therefore this collection of tree pictures, some of them reprinted from certain magazines, and of exquisite tone—black shading into grey, and grey into white—has been welcomed by many and is destined to become increasingly desired.

In attempting to tell how and why Art Young came to draw, besides the many other subjects he has chosen in the course of a very successful career, Trees at Night, the reviewer finds Mr. Young's own diary on the matter, an excerpt of which is printed as a foreword to the book, too satisfying and clear for one to do more than retire in its favor:

"In common with most people . . . I like trees. While looking out of my window one summer night, a caravan of camels seemed to be humping along the sky. They were trees, of course, but enough like camels to key my imagination up to discover other pictures in the formation of foliage. The rest of the summer nights I enjoyed hunting for tree pictures against the light of the sky or thrown into relief by the glare of automobiles, and drawing them next day. . . . After the caravan, I saw 'a woman and a fan,' and other subjects followed. Any night I could . . . see interesting silhouettes made by tree forms, many of them so clearly defined as to need no improvement on my part."

But Mr. Young has done more than reproduce the realistic yet fantastic images which trees have always taken for the imaginative—he has also put into them a certain symbolism, at times charmingly humorous, at other times poignantly touching, but always whimsical and always peculiarly his own as an artist. He has declared, himself, that imagination is the great thing in art, not reproduction, and that the only masters he has cared to study from are those who have used the analogous and the symbolic in their work. Critics believe that this collection only further justifies the faith of John Alexander, the late president of the National Academy of Art, in Mr. Young's genius at composition.

There is, in Trees at Night, laughter that comes out to one from such pictures as Quarreling Neighbors, Orator, and The Stubborn Cypress, tree caricatures of the actual; and laughter and appeal from Miss Hawthorne Entertains a Group of Scrub Oaks and Sycamores—really a musical comedy's "bald-headed row," deliciously repellent, enjoying the delightful grace of Miss Hawthorne, which indeed any real danseuse might well envy.

There is a haunting beauty in such pictures as Weary and Heavy Laden, and Phantasy; The Wind Dance breathes exquisite lightness and grace, while Devil's Orchestra and others are weirdly fantastic. But more important than all these aspects seems the humanness and deeply moving quality that cries out from yet another group. There is, for instance, one drawing of a group of slender, superbly tall, erectly proud trees. In the foreground, and alone of all the number, is one bent and dwarfed, its head hanging in utter defeat and discouragement at the feet of the others. Near it, and very like it, is the figure of a cripple, bowed low on his crutches; and underneath, the simple title, Why?

Environment shows a dingy alley between tall tenements, with a tiny scrap of sky just barely visible over the roof-tops, and struggling up valiantly out of a small opening in the asphalt, is a tree, undersized and meagre, leaning weakly against the tenement wall for support, but bravely flaunting one topmost cluster of leaves.

The Penalty of Prominence depicts, atop a lofty and rugged rock, a lone tree, more courageous than its fellows clustered underneath the sheltering base, being struck to the heart by a flash of lightning and completely shattered. That the symbolism was not lost upon those whom it fitted at the time of its first publication, is hinted by the story that is told of

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Theodore Roosevelt, who, it is said, wrote personally to the editors of the magazine in which it appeared, asking to purchase the original drawing—a request never fulfilled, since the artist has always retained all of his originals.

I have left to the last those pictures of a particularly spiritual significance, because it is this note on which Mr. Young himself concludes the diary excerpt which he has chosen to print as a foreword. In this group, and best able to speak for themselves, are Cathedral, Archangel, and Mother Earth, which possess a great and moving beauty, and express that universal, somehow pathetic, groping of trees and men toward the Infinite. For, asks the artist, at the conclusion of his diary extract, "aside from the appearance of a tree . . . is it not kin of the human family, with its roots in the earth and its arms stretching toward the sky as if to seek and to know the Great Mystery?"

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

Molds of Hellas

The Classical Tradition in Poetry, by Gilbert Murray. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. $3.00.

THE deepest purpose of Professor Gilbert Murray's Harvard lectures (of which the present volume is a compilation) seems to be to advance proof that "it is one of the very feeblest of critical errors to suppose that there is a thing called 'originality,' which consists in having no models." The influence of tradition upon all living, and especially upon that highly articulated and spiritualized form of living which we term art, is clear to all who reflect a little. Much escapes attention, however, because (being so largely the common currency of modern expression) its origins are not consciously realized. Professor Murray set out to explore the matter, guided by his conviction that Greece is the great treasury in which our notions of form were minted. His chapters on dance and drama, which are given a most impressive focus later on in a striking chapter concerned with Hamlet and Orestes as types, are rich in suggestion and information. Still better, one thinks, is the treatment of metre and poetic diction, which deserve the scrutiny of everybody interested in these difficult topics. Reading these thoughtful and yet beautifully lucid pages, it becomes almost impossible to keep from agreeing with these words: "Poetry listens to no argument and opens her heart to no strangers. A thousand years in her sight are but as yesterday, and her home is among things that are very old, old as the battle of man against fate, old as love and death and honor, and the kiss of Helen and the dancing of the daffodils."

Yet inevitably one opposes to this persuasive and often convincing reasoning another point of view dictated by a consciousness of history. Why is it that Western men have not consented for long, during the modern time, to a firm expression of allegiance to the humanistic tradition? This flourished, we need to remember, during whole centuries after the renaissance, and characterized the educational work accomplished by the Catholic counter-reform. But art and thinking appear to have been most creative and happy, most satisfying and appealing, during the middle-ages, which learned from Byzantium, and the romantic time, which learned from the middle-ages.

The reason seems to have been a consciousness of, a trust in, those processes of growth which the humanist is frequently prone to consider secondary. It is the old argument about the texts of Aristotle all over again. The middle-ages derived their Stagirite from Arabian manuscripts in which Byzantine mysticism and magic had busily

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inscribed interpolations. The later humanistic era, insisting upon the "pure originals," repudiated mediaeval reasoning but eventually lost all consciousness of traditional philosophy as a living thing and even of Aristotle himself. Thus an excess of humanism produced an opposing excess of confidence in the merely original and spontaneous.

These things come to mind in reading Professor Murray. It is not likely, however, that we are facing anything similar to an overdose of the Greek tradition. Our trouble is rather a continued riotous confidence in the purely naturalistic, the unconscious and formless, so that a volume like The Classical Tradition in Poetry can render a highly important service.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Cupid's Ailerons

Departing Wings, by Faith Baldwin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

TO THE thousand and one books dealing with marriage, Faith Baldwin has added this aeronautic romance: aeronautic both in its initial setting and in the analogy drawn between the wings of the aircraft and romantic passion. It is not a profound study of the question, nor is it strikingly original or artistic in its presentation; but it is saner in its approach to the problem, by a good deal, than the average book-of-the-day.

While visiting at a naval aviation station, Sylvia Lawrence meets David Drummond. After some intolerable pages of frothy romance they marry, leave the station and David gives up his career as a pilot to enter business. Ultimately they settle in New York, where two boys are born to them. Up to this point the relations of Sylvia and David have been idyllic, lover-like, though the more substantial elements of marriage—companionship and the sense of union in parenthood—they seem, somehow, to have missed. But now the glamour too begins to fade; the wings are departing. Almost inexplicably (for they still love) they begin to tread separate ways. During his wife's absence in the South, David drifts into a half-hearted liaison with Frieda Lambert, a woman of his own set. Sylvia, half-suspecting and then sure of, her husband's defection, seeks an emotional outlet in what she believes to be platonic friendship with another man. The friendship is shattered on the rocks of Sylvia's disillusionment and David is released by Frieda; yet the barrier of David's unconfessed guilt holds them apart. Finally, resistance is broken down by the death of the youngest child: the two face a full explanation, and go forward on a saner basis—one of mutual understanding and love.

The theme is surely far from ignoble. Yet the treatment of marriage as developed in this novel, is not intellectually satisfying. The attempt is made to present the Christian conception of marriage with (paradoxically) the supernatural element left out. The Christian tradition of marriage may psychologically justify the presentation; but a tradition detached from its source surely offers a rather flimsy foundation to build upon.

The style is somewhat nerveless, and the English not above reproach. The characters lack vitality; they are merely decorative; almost, but never quite, real. More deeply thought out, more vigorously presented, the book might have possessed interest and value. Even as it stands, it is not utterly devoid of these; but it does little more than brush with its wing (if one may have recourse to the author's metaphorical vocabulary) the problem it attempts to solve.

ELEANOR DOWNING.

Two Sisters

From Out Magdala, by Lucille Borden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

LUCILLE BORDEN'S newest book is two things: a tale and a text-book. What your judgment on the combination product may be, will depend upon your R. A. (romantic age) and your interest in, or agility at, skipping, all sermons. To this reviewer it seems that Lucille Borden has said much in From Out Magdala that needs to be reiterated constantly, concerning a trust that really does trust in God, the spiritual laws that are facts, not fancies, and serious truths that condition Christian marriage and parenthood. Young people not distorted by sophistication and not too learned in the mechanics of scenario and story manufacture, are likely to see that her tale does well adorn her moral. If rewards and punishments come too swiftly and too loudly labeled, there is the alibi that life has all eternity at its command and suffers under no literary dictum that causes must obviously show forth their effects; whereas the so-called omnipotent author has but three hundred odd pages in which to reward and punish.

Girl twins who manifest even in babyhood, the one, a penchant for saintliness, the other, for human frailty; a gypsy and a kidnapping; a long search during which Phyllis grows to dangerous flapperhood, and stolen Sheen, rescued at length from filth and cruelty, develops under the protection of Saint Mary Magdalen of La Sainte Baume, and a wise convert, bits of whose story spur on the interest anew. Of course there is charming masculinity, a near-tragedy for the wilful Phyllis, two thrilling reunions, and beautiful death that comes as a merciful release of the once selfish sister from the tremendous task of translating high intentions into the big and little sacrifices of daily life. It is not a new story, but to the young and thoughtful, Lucille Borden comes bravely forward with an offering of pleasure, and something more.

T. M. WILL.

An Archaeological Classic

The Forum and the Palatine, by Christian Huelsen; translated by Helen H. Tanzer. New York: A. Bruderhausen. $3.50.

NOBODY has ever gone to Rome without surrendering to the mystery and charm of the Forum. Even those whose acquaintance with the eternal city is a matter of reading, know this spot if they are concerned at all with the origins of their civilization. But what, precisely, is the Forum? Few men have been in a position to answer more fully and ably than Christian Huelsen, whose achievement at the Royal German Archaeological Institute at Rome earned for him the thankful praise of fellow-workers in Roman history everywhere. The present volume is a translation of Huelsen's standard German treatise, published some two years ago; but it incorporates emendations and additions. Here is to be found, in convenient and succinct form, almost everything that historical science knows about the Forum and the Palatine. It is, of course, a helpful and scholarly rather than a fascinating book. The numerous illustrations will delight everyone. These include sixty-five full-page plates, besides numerous sketches.

Here, then, we have an English version of an archaeological classic which deserves to receive the widest attention from lovers and students of Rome. The bibliography will be eagerly consulted by specialists. Format and printing are excellent.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"When my old friend, Rector Peregrinus, last visited me," remarked Doctor Angelicus, "he left behind him a bundle of examination papers which he said he would send for on his return from the southern resorts, where he was conducting a foundation campaign from the yacht of Soakhum, the rich laundry-powder man. A year has transpired since Peregrinus left the papers with me, and my valet, Asmodeus, making a final effort to comply with my orders to clean up the guest room, brought me the packet this morning.

"Curious revelations occur in these answers, which show the confused state of mind left in our pupils of today by the casual reading of text-books, literary digests and the remarks of maverick instructors, who know a little of everything and nothing about anything. Take, for instance, this answer of Hiram Squiggs of Opium Centre, Idaho, to the question of 'Who was Annabel Lee?'

" 'Annabel Lee was the eldest daughter of General Robert E. Lee of the old Lee family, whose estate is now the national cemetery in Washington. Afflicted from an early age with the phthisical complaints which were so popular a part in all the love affairs of Edgar Allen Poe, she early became an object of his affections and was included in his first book of poems in a love lyric. She did not live long enough to marry the poet who made her famous. The Lees were always a distinguished family, and, like Poe, studied in the University of Virginia founded by Thomas Jefferson after he had written the Declaration of Independence.'

"There is another bit of literature in the answer of Amanda Briarcliffe, of Spokane, Oklahoma, replying to the question, 'What have you to say about the Wreck of the Hesperus?'

" 'The Hesperus was a Diesel-engine boat that lost its power in the mountainous waves that prevail off the rocky cliffs of that part of the United States known as New England. The captain, seeing that his ship was about to sink, bound up his daughter to one of the masts and threw her overboard. She landed near a well-known water resort near New Bedford, but as the season was wintry there was nobody on the beach to rescue her. The poet Longfellow, wanting to write one of his immortal works, found a newspaper clipping of this in his trunk; he composed his lines for a local magazine, which published and paid for the poem; it is recited in many of the Red Schoolhouses of the West as well as in the North Atlantic states of America.'

" 'Who was George Washington?' furnishes another example of the progress that has been made in our pedagogic methods. Angelino Puttazzi of Detroit gives us this picture:

" 'George Washington was called the Father of His Country because he didn't have any children of his own. He was a fine old English gentleman who wore a white wig to conceal the brindle hair bestowed upon him by nature, and he used a gold-headed cane when he was not riding away in his successful retreats from the British and Hessian armies. Winning the war, he naturally became a presidential candidate and served his term with great distinction. He died at Mount Vernon, where he is buried covered with wreaths of all the distinguished generals and others who visit the capital of the United States, which he surveyed, and laid out, but did not live to see the dome of the Capitol completed.'

"To: 'What was the Charge of the Light Brigade?' Emmanuel Jacobs of Elihu Corners, Connecticut replies:

" 'The Charge of the Light Brigade, which as its name im-

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plies was not very heavy, was made by something like two or three hundred men of the British army in a narrow pass of the mountains of India. The English poet, Tennyson, reading about it in the war-reports, resolved to write a ringing poem for school-boys to recite in their entertainments when prominent citizens visited their classes, and finding that six hundred sounded better in the lines than, say, two-fifty-six, he wrote "charged the six hundred," raising the sum to this harmonious figure. A good many of the troops survived the heavy cross-fire from the native muskets, and reached camp in safety, but Tennyson did not think this made a strong ending for the recitation and declared that all the gallant troopers perished.'

"Do you wonder, my dear Britannicus, why Rector Peregrinus never returned to claim these valuable documents?"

"Are you sure, my dear Angelicus, that your friend Peregrinus ever really survived this southern trip? I have been reading of that professor of Ohio Northern University who, after accepting a bunch of roses from the Girls' High School in Green Springs, was infected by poison from the thorns and never recovered. How are we to be sure that in some of our winter resorts on the Florida coast there may not be lurking some new Lucrezia Borgia to hand the venerable Rector her poisoned violets, her pestiferous green carnations, just as the best-selling historians say the lady of the Borgias treated obnoxious prelates and princes in the good old days? One drop of the acid of boobaloosa—one delicate little sniff from Peregrinus—and then the local mortician and a spotlass alabaster! We are here today and away tomorrow, as the taxi man said when he left me at the subway station this morning. Can you be sure that Peregrinus is not sitting in heaven with the old alumni society of his college, telling of the football games and champion intercollegiate contests of his earthly past, and showing the plans for the new dormitories and the stadium for generations yet unborn? No, Angelicus, let us await in patience; good Peregrinus may have accompanied some of the ladies on their deep-sea or Andes mountain aeroplanes: his name will be deathless in his college annals. Tie up the examination papers; he will come to claim them before the Day of Judgment."

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